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TIME'S MINT.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Some years had fled—a score or so and ten,
When life then seeming e'en more gilt than gold—
One day Time stopped to class him 'mongst the men
Who hold it doubtful if they're young or old.

He pleaded long with Time: "Tho' length of days
Do keep the past and present far apart,
I yet may hope to walk in whilom ways,
Because youth's bloom still blossoms in my heart."

Time never spoke a word, but merely drew
His bony finger o'er the speaker's head.
Yet art was in the act. "You're right. It's true
I am quite bald in spots," was gently said.

The jolly monarch winked all unconcerned,
And from the other plucked a lock away.
He saw the hair. He could not blush, so burned.
"Well, I confess it is a little gray.

"Altho' I think"—" Eternity's grim clerk
Here, with a touch, his lips to silence stilled;
The implication hit: "A few the dentist's work,
But there are many that need ne'er be filled."

He struck the speaker's back. "Once in a while
A twinge of rheumatism comes and goes,
But"—Time tapped his breast in ultra-clinic style—
"My wind! It has been better, I suppose."

Time pulled his forelock, and inclined his head
One moment ere he started down the hill.
"The vulgar always hint," the pleader said,
"That's past a doubt"—and then he made his will.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LADY Kilmore thoroughly understood the art of making herself and others comfortable. She was one of those kindly gracious women who seem to diffuse around them an atmosphere of perfect ease; and there was no house in which visitors felt so much at home as at Weldhome.

One June morning she was seated in the breakfast room at Weldhome a pretty room with long French windows commanding a view of one of the fairest of rose gardens. Lady Kilmore owned to one great weakness—she had a perfect passion for roses; and she contrived, with her gardener's help, to have a beautiful show of these flowers nearly all the year round. To secure a new variety of rose she would not mind either trouble or expense. Every kind of climbing rose covered the walls, the balconies, and the great old fashioned porch of Weldhome Manor; every available nook in the grounds was devoted to the culture of her favorite flower.

This June morning the French windows were thrown open, and a gentle wind stirred the long lace curtains and wafted the perfume of roses into the room. Lady Kilmore looking out, saw a cloudless sky, dazzling sunshine, and roses wherever her eyes rested. The breakfast table, with its dainty china and rich silver, was "a picture" and the "orange pekoe" was as fragrant in its way as the roses. Her ladyship's surroundings betokened comfort luxury, and ease. She herself was a well preserved handsome woman who had seen half a century of life, but looked quite fifteen years younger than she really was. Her face was as smooth and clear as that of a child.

When the post bag came in, she carelessly opened letter after letter, a smile rippling over her lips until she opened a large envelope bearing a crest. Then the handsome comely face darkened, and Lady Kilmore murmured a few words to herself. She touched the silver bell on the table, and to the servant who answered it she said—

"Tell Miss Nairne I wish to see her."

In a few moments Hilary Nairne entered the room. She was a girl of an uncommon type of beauty. Many woman have golden hair, but few such hair as hers; it looked like a mass of ripening gold. Although Hilary was only seventeen, her face was full of character; its pink and white loveliness, the dainty curves of the beautiful mouth, the rounded ideal brow, the radiant eyes, and the long lashes were the least of its beauties. One might watch Hilary Nairne's face for a whole day, and it would never be the same for one half hour. Its whole character changed with a ripple of scorn or with a gleam of tenderness. Her figure was girlish and slender at present, but it gave promise of a magnificent womanhood. Her white hands had rosy palms and slender pink-tipped fingers. She had pretty little feet; and every movement, every attitude was graceful, unstudied, and picturesque.

She was intellectual and well read, gifted with wit, and good at repartee. She had great virtues and great faults, but "her faults lay on virtue's side." She was imperious and impulsive, and seldom stopped to count the cost of a word or deed.

With a quick graceful movement Hilary entered the breakfast room and went up to Lady Kilmore.

"Do you want me, auntie? Here I am;" and then her eyes fell upon the letters. When she saw the crest on the last envelope that had been opened, her face grew crimson and her eyes dropped.

"Hilary," said Lady Kilmore, "Lady Ardean has written again. I declined her invitation to the ball at Barton Abbey, and she writes to beg of me to change my decision. My dear, I wonder if I might trust you!"

The girl stood before her in an attitude of bewitching grace, a smile of keen amusement on her fresh sweet lips and a gleam of defiance and pride in her eyes.

"Trust me? In what way? You know that you may always trust me."

"Captain Charlie is still there, and I am very anxious about you and about him."

"My dear auntie, why do you make trouble? I have done nothing as yet to cause anxiety."

"As yet," repeated Lady Kilmore—"no, I grant that; but, Hilary, I never know what you will do."

"Would it not be better to leave that to time?" asked the girl. "If I please you in the present, I do not see that it is quite fair for you to look for troubles."

"But, Hilary, the question is, do you please me in the present? I am not quite sure of it."

"Of course you know best, auntie. I love you, I am devoted to you, and I do all that I can to please you."

"Everything but the one thing I want you to do, Hilary, and that is, refuse to see Captain Carlisle again."

"Why should I do so, auntie? How hard you are!"

"Because, Hilary, in plain English, he loves you—at least, I am very much afraid he does; and you—well, I do not think you are quite indifferent to him."

With difficulty Hilary repressed the hot words that rose to her lips. The word "indifferent" stung her.

"Well, auntie, granted that I am not indifferent to him, what then?"

"Why, then, Hilary, nothing can come of it but keen suffering for you! You know that he can never marry you. You know that he has been betrothed to Lady Mary Trevor, his cousin, ever since he was a child. It was arranged by his father and hers."

The beautiful head was raised with proud shy grace.

"By what right, aunt, did two men who are now dead dispose of the hearts of their children?"

"My dear, that is not our business—there is no use for us to discuss it. Whether it was right or wrong has nothing to do with the matter; what I wish you to understand is this, that as Captain Carlisle is betrothed to another lady, he ought not to pay you attentions, and you ought not to receive any from him."

"I am quite sure, aunt, that he does not love Lady Mary," said Hilary.

"And I am equally sure that, as he must marry her, he ought to love her."

"I think it is a most barbarous thing for any man to say whom his son shall marry. People always marry for love, do they not, auntie? How could he tell—that dead father—whether his son would love Lady Mary or not?"

"I should imagine there are family reasons," remarked Lady Kilmore pensively.

"Family reasons!" cried the girl, while her lips curled with scorn. "What have they to do with it? A man is surely master of his own heart!"

"Not always," replied Lady Kilmore. "Lady Mary has a large fortune. I believe that in strict justice some of it should have gone to Captain Carlisle; and no doubt the two fathers thought to make matters right in this fashion."

"A very foolish and stupid fashion, I think," said Hilary; and Lady Kilmore smiled at the naivete of the words.

"It may be both," she answered; "but that does not alter the fact. I am most anxious and undecided about you, Hilary. Captain Carlisle, is a handsome and attractive man; and it seems to me a very unwise thing for you to meet—very unwise. Still as Lady Ardean presses the point, if I thought I could trust you, I would take you. Would you now, for instance, promise me not to dance with Captain Carlisle, and, oh, above all, my dear child, not to get into those dreadful little nooks amongst the flowers which seem made for flirtation and for the torment of chaperons? Will you promise, Hilary?"

"I cannot," replied the girl frankly. "It would be easy to say 'Yes' and deceive you; but I will not do that. I could not keep such a promise. Why should I make it?"

"Then we had far better stay at home. I have never spoken seriously to you about this, Hilary. I had hoped that it was a fancy, and it would die away. But, even were Captain Carlisle free to marry you tomorrow, it would be a very poor settlement in life for you. The Captain has nothing but his handsome face and his military pay."

"I do not see that a girl like me should want more," said Hilary.

"I do; with your beauty—which is of the highest order, Hilary—remember that—and your birth, you ought to marry a peer at least"!

"I do not like peers. I like officers in the Army far better. Auntie, let me go this once—just this once. Think of the time when you were young, and perhaps wanted to look once more at a handsome face you cared for. Let me go, dear aunt, this once."

Hilary put her arms around her aunt's neck, and pressed her sweet face lovingly against hers. Lady Kilmore said "Yes" against her better judgment, and repented of it ever afterwards.

* * * * * * *

Weldhome was a fine estate, but not a very extensive one. The large old-fashioned manor house was well built and picturesque, the grounds were skillfully laid out, and the property was valuable from the fact that some of the finest farms in England were upon it. Sir James Kilmore had left the estate, with his large fortune to his wife. They had been married twenty-five years, had lived very happily together, and at Sir James' death the widow had resolved that she would never marry again. And she kept her word.

Lady Kilmore was one of two sisters. She had made an excellent marriage, but her younger sister Constance had made an unfortunate one. She had married a penniless, briefless barrister; and, after struggling a few years with a hard world, he died, tired of it, and his wife did not long survive him. An imprudent hasty marriage had marred two lives which might other wise have been happy and successful. They had left but one child—Hilary—whom Lady Kilmore had adopted, and whom she loved as dearly as her own daughter. Hilary and her aunt had lived very happily together. The girl had received an excellent education, for Lady Kilmore had spared no expense. She saw that Hilary was beautiful with a wonderful piquant beauty, and she resolved that her niece should marry well—she should not, like her unfortunate mother, ruin her whole life by a foolish marriage. She determined to bring her up without any foolish notions of love; and the subject had always been avoided by both. The only result of that mistake had been that Hilary's vivid imagination had made for itself a world of love quite different from the reality. When her niece was sixteen, Lady Kilmore had removed her from school.

"You shall stay with me here at Weldhome for one year, Hilary," she said; "then I will take you to London, and you shall make your debut. Try during this year to acquire all the knowledge you can, and I prophesy for you the best match of the season."

Hilary listened in silence. She loved her aunt, but "the best match of the season" did not concern her much. She passed the year in quiet happiness—quite content with the present, and thinking but little of the future.

In the neighborhood of Weldome were several very fine country seats; the most magnificent of all was Barton Abbey, the residence of Lord Ardean. Lady Kilmore and Lady Ardean were old friends, and were on the most intimate terms. They seldom passed a week without visiting each other; and, although Hilary had not yet been introduced to the great world, Lady Kilmore never objected to her going to the Abbey.

In the spring Lady Kilmore had been suddenly summoned to Paris to attend the death bed of one of her husband's relatives. She did not care to take Hilary with her, and in the emergency Lady Ardean had come to her friend's assistance and persuaded her to allow her niece to remain with her at Barton Abbey.

"It will be as quiet as her own home," she said; "and I will take as much care of her as you do yourself".

Lady Kilmore consented, and went to Paris with a light heart, while Hilary went to the Abbey.

For one week everything went on smoothly—then came a great change. Lord Ardean received a letter from a distant relative in the army—Captain Carlisle—who was home on leave of absence for six months.

"He must come, I suppose," said Lady Ardean, when she read the letter, "for the invitation is one of long standing; but I am not sure if it is quite the thing to have a handsome young officer like Captain Carlisle here while Hilary Nairne is with us."

"My dear," replied Lord Ardean, "you forget that Captain Carlisle is almost as safe as a married man. He is engaged to marry Lady Mary Trevor, and has been so engaged since he was a child. I should think that this leave of absence is for his wedding. Lady Mary is older than he, and time is flying. I thought she was looking very old and haggard when I saw her last. I am sure that he may come with safety. Hilary is only just seventeen; she is a child still."

"Possibly; but I do not know the difference between young girls and old woman nowadays," said Lady Ardean. "Half the young girls I am acquainted with are more like old woman than anything else."

"Well, my dear," was the placed reply, "you not be anxious. No thought of love or lovers disturbs Hilary's head at present, and we can keep a good look-out."

So it was settled that Captain Carlisle should come; and, to make his visit more pleasant, some other friends and acquaintance were invited to the Abbey.

One afternoon Hilary Nairne stood in the drawing room at Barton Abbey watching the sunlight on the lime-trees. There were several persons in the room; but Hilary,

who had a poet's soul, had turned away, leaving them to their conversation while she watched the golden gleams on the limes. Her mind was filled with the vague beautiful dreams of youth. She was watching the sunlight playing on the quivering leaves, when suddenly she heard a chorus of voices united in welcoming some one. She looked—and in that one glance the mischief was done.

She had seen no one like the new comer, a handsome young man, before, and through life she met no one like him again. She watched him as he shook hands with the different members of the group and with apt well-chosen words returned their greetings. There was a pause for a few seconds, and then Lady Ardean brought him across the room to where Hilary stood by the window. There was a little foreboding and doubt in Lady Ardean's mind as she saw the two young people look at each other. They spoke but few words, and they never remembered what those words were. He, looking at her, thought that she was the sweetest and fairest girl he had ever seen, and that in her white dress she looked like a tall slender lily. She, looking at him, thought she had seen no one like him before.

Lady Ardean frankly owned to herself that it was a good thing that Captain Carlisle was engaged to be married, or he would have been quite sure to fall in love with Hilary Nairne—and that was not the kind of marriage Lady Kilmore expected for her.

CHAPTER II.

THE ball room at the Abbey was a paradise of sweet sounds and sweet odours. The tiers of choice blossoms that rose on either side of the room, the falling spray from fountains, the music of the "Sweethearts," waltz, the rippling sound of laughter and murmur of voices, the fair faces and brilliant jewels of the ladies, with the pale golden light of the huge chandelier falling over all, seemed to make it a scene of enchantment.

Many admirers came round Hilary Nairne but she was indifferent to all. The young beauty seemed to think more of the flowers in her bouquet than of her worshippers. She was wondering if Captain Carlisle would try to speak to her; and he was wondering what he should say. He had certainly never been at a loss before for words. Should he go up to her and ask her to dance? But then that was too commonplace; all those men surrounding her with such evident admiration had probably each one begun their conversation with her by asking her to dance. If he said anything at all to her, it must be something out of the common line. Should he speak about a novel or story he had read in which the hero was introduced to the heroine by means of flowers or talk about flowers. Yes, that also would be too commonplace. He must trust to inspiration of the moment. Looking at her face, some pretty idea or other must come to him. He wondered why he was nervous; he had never been so nervous before.

Presently, glancing across the room, he met her eyes fixed upon him. They were so bright, so sweet, and surely they ask him to come nearer—or what was it they said? The next moment the white lids had drooped over them and the long lashes lay on the beautiful cheeks. Did these loving eyes say, 'Come nearer'? Why was his heart beating so quickly? What was the magical force which drew him across the room whether he would or not? As he went nearer to her he watched her; his eyes drank in the glorious loveliness of the fair young face, and he saw how the color deepened at his approach. At last he stood by her side. He forgot his nervousness in the delight of being near her, and he said—

'Do you live near here, Miss Nairne?"

"Yes; I live with my aunt, Lady Kilmore, at Weldhome Manor," she replied.

"I have heard of Weldhome, it is famous for its beautiful roses, is it not?'

"Yes; they are supposed to be the finest collection in England."

Then he remembered that he had decided not to talk to her about flowers or dancing, even though it was a ball at which they were present. He wondered if he could persuade her to go out with him upon the terrace, where so many happy people were walking in the moonlight? He would try.

"You are not dancing, Miss Nairne," he said; 'perhaps, as the room is too warm, you would come out upon the terrace? The music sounds better there."

She need not have made herself more distractingly beautiful, he thought, by throwing a piece of white lace over the golden hair? His case was bad enough before; but now—

They stepped out into the bright moonlight. A few hours since they were strangers, and now they seemed to have left the world behind them and to think only of each other.

The moon never perhaps shone upon a prettier sight than these two, she with the golden hair and flower-like face, he so tall and noble-looking—she all girlish sweetness, he all manly strength. The strains of the beautiful waltz "My Dream" came to them faintly from the ball room. It was a night never to be forgotten by either; it began a new life for them. Captain Carlisle was young but he had made a name for himself. He told her he loved his profession, how none other would have ever pleased him, and that when he died he should like to die a soldier's death. She shuddered as she listened.

"Do you think so much of death!" she asked. "Why, I have never thought of it at all!"

"A soldier must face death at all times," he replied. "My beau ideal of a soldier is one who is ready to die when honor calls him."

She remembered those words as long as she lived. They were on the terrace in the moonlight only half an hour, and yet it seemed to them that they had been there thrice as long; and they both forgot Lady Mary Trevor.

"What is the name of that waltz they are playing?" he asked her. 'How sad and sweet it is!"

"It is called 'My Dream,'" she answered.

"I wonder," he said, "if I shall wake up to-morrow and find this a dream; it seems too beautiful to be real! You are like the ideal woman one meets in dream: I shall wake to-morrow and wonder if you are flesh and blood."

"Indeed!" she responded with a smile. "Look at this then;" and she held out to him a little white hand.

"That does not look so very real;" and he touched it reverently with his own.

'I am very real, for all that," laughed Hilary, "and not at all like a dream girl. I can sing and dance.".

"I am sure of that; your face is full of music and your every movement full of grace. I wish you would give me a dance; will you?"

"Yes, if you would like it," she answered; and they went back to the ball-room together.

"I wish," he whispered to her, "that they would play 'My Dream' once again;" but he was content when he heard the 'Blue Danube."

"Am I to relinquish you now?" he said, when the dance was over. 'Must I really take you to Lady Kilmore?"

"You ought to do so," she replied.

"I will if you will just tell me one thing, Miss Nairne. Shall I meet you again? I feel as though I cannot leave you, even for one minute, until I know whether I shall see you again."

"Why you have scarcely seen me until now!" she replied.

"I cannot help thinking that I have known you all my life," he said. "I have dreamed of some one like you. Believe me, the moment my eyes fell upon your face I said to myself. 'Why, there she is! as though I had been waiting long years for you. When shall I see you again?"

'I do not know."

It was on the girl's lips to say. "They will not let us meet because of Lady Mary Trevor;" but, as Captain Carlisle did not mention his cousin, she did not. Besides, she argued with herself, it would not matter; their friendship could not interfere with Lady Mary's rights.

'I shall not be here long," he added in a passionate whisper. "Let me see as much of you as I can."

'Lady Ardean often drives over to see us, you can come with her," said Hilary.

"Is that the brightest hope you can hold out to me?" he asked. "In all our lives will there never come to us again an hour like this?"

"I do not know. You bewilder me!" she replied.

"And I think you have taken my senses away;' and the two looked at each other.

"We must go to my aunt,' said the girl hurriedly.

He affected to look round the room.

"I am very sorry," he returned, "but I do not see her. Shall we go in search of her?"

This led to a long promenade down the long room, in the course of which they met Lady Ardean.

"Miss Nairne," she said, "I have been requested to look for you by half a dozen gentlemen. Do you know how many engagements you have broken—how many hearts you have caused to ache? I have not seen you in the ball-room lately; where have you been?"

"The night was so beautiful and the room was so warm that I—that we," stammered Hilary.

"We went out on the terrace," said the Captain boldly; and Lady Ardean felt something like pity as she looked at the young couple and remembered what at their age the moonlight was like.

"I see," she returned quietly; 'but as Lady Kilmore is looking for you, Hilary, you must now come with me. She is in the long gallery."

Captain Carlisle said at once—

'I should like to see Lady Kilmore. I understand that she is very clever in the cultivation of roses."

"If he attacks her on that, her weak side, he will be master of the position," thought Lady Ardean.

The three went together to the gallery to find Lady Kilmore, who was growing anxious about her niece.

The young Captain intended to win from Hilary's aunt an invitation to Weldhome, so that he might see Miss Nairne again, and he won it by affecting a great interest in roses. There was nothing he liked so much he told Lady Kilmore, as seeing a beautiful collection of roses. She said to him; with a smiling face—

"Then you must come over to Weldhome to see mine. They are in bloom unusually early this year. You can examine and enjoy them at your leisure. I shall be pleased to have your opinion of them."

"What a pity it is that they ever die!" he remarked.

"Ah, you speak like a young man!" said Lady Kilmore. "If they were always in bloom, they would lose their charm. You could not always live in a valley of roses."

He thought that he could if Hilary was there; and the girl read the thought in the eyes that met hers. Once again that night he spent half an hour with her.

"I shall see you in the morning," he said. "I am going to inspect Lady Kilmore's roses. Will you be pleased to see me?"

Her answer was lost in a sudden loud strain of music, but he understood it, for his eyes sparkled with joy.

"I wish," he went on, "that I could annihilate time. How shall I be able to wait until the morning?"

"Were you so impatient yesterday?" she asked.

"Yesterday's youth and yesterday's life, will never come back to me," he answered. "Yesterday was cold, gray and chilly; to-day has been full of warm sunlight. Where I stood yesterday I shall never stand again," he added: and Hilary's heart beat with pleasure that was almost pain.

Captain Carlisle could not leave her. If she danced, he stood still to watch her; if she spoke, he listened spell-bound; and, when the girl's head rested on his arm, the young officer trembled.

"Are you going?" he asked, seeing that Lady Kilmore had left her chair and was crossing the ball-room.

"Yes—that is the signal," replied Hilary.

"Let me take you to the carriage," he said. "As I have been waiting here some time for that pleasure, you will not deprive me of it."

It was pleasant to the girl to feel his strong kindly hands drawing the wraps round her, to see what anxious care he took of her, and to have his handsome face bending over her in the starlight.

'I shall never forget to-night," he whispered. "It is like a new life to me. Have you been happy Miss Nairne?'

"Yes—very happy," she replied in a low tone: and their hands met.

"To me," said Captain Carlisle, "the starlight seems far more beautiful than any other time; but I am impatient for the stars to disappear and for the sun to shine."

'The sun will be here quite soon enough," returned Hilary; "and remember that it will shine upon the roses."

"You are quite sure that you have been happy?" he whispered.

'Quite sure," she answered.

"I wish," he went on, 'that I might go further, and ask you if it has been the happiest evening you have ever spent.'

'I am sure it has been," she answered; and the silence of the intense happiness fell over them both.

"You are ready then, Hilary!" cried Lady Kilmore, who came up at that moment. "I have been waiting for you."

The silence so eloquent was suddenly broken, and Hilary said quickly—

"I did not know, aunt; I thought you were here."

With the utmost cordiality Lady Kilmore parted from the young officer. A young man who really understood roses and was thoroughly interested in them was not to be met every day.

"I think," she said to Hilary, as they drove home through the starlight, 'that Captain Carlisle is, without exception, the nicest man I have ever met."

Hilary said nothing; for no words could have told what she thought of Captain Carlisle.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN CARLISLE came over the next morning, and he reached Weldhome Manor so early that Lady Kilmore, tired with the late hours of the previous evening, was not there to receive him and he found Hilary alone. If she had seemed beautiful to him in her ball dress on the evening before, she looked lovelier still now in her plain white and blue morning dress, with her hair tied up with a piece of blue ribbon.

"You are like the morning itself, Miss Nairne," he said, and how lovely these June mornings are!"

'Shall we go and see the roses?" she asked.

'No," he answered; "we will wait until Lady Kilmore comes. I have the rose I came for."

If Captain Carlisle would have been as wise as he was handsome and charming, he would have gone away that very day and never returned. But the engagement which others seemed to think should bind him tightly was to him a mere form. He had always been told that it was his father's wish that he should marry Lady Mary Trevor, that Lady Mary had plenty of money and that he had none, and that, for the whole family's sake as much as for his own, he ought to marry her. When any one spoke to him of marriage, there had been a half-impotent feeling that all that had been settled for him. When he saw Lady Mary—which was not very often—she was kind, friendly, and cordial. She always seemed to think of their future as a settled thing. She was seven years older than Captain Carlisle, and quite twenty years older in heart and in manner. If she had had her own choice, she would have married the Reverend John Dorton, curate of Barwell, the only man in the world she really loved; but she had been brought up in the belief that she was to marry Captain Carlisle, and she had learnt to acquiesce in the idea.

Captain Carlisle had not given much thought to love, or much time to the fair sex; he had not realized the fact that he must marry Lady Mary, that he was not at liberty to admire a fair face, or kiss sweet lips that uttered loving words to him.

Hilary was the first girl he had ever seen who had the least attraction for him, and with her he had fallen so passionately, so deeply in love that at first he forgot all about Lady Mary; and, when he remembered her, it was too late to undo the mischief that had been wrought.

There was, perhaps, something to be said for him in the way of justification. If he had pledged himself to marry her, nothing could have excused him; but another had pledged his word for him, which was quite a different matter.

As he stood, on this June morning, looking at the lovely face of Hilary Nairne, he told himself that this was the love of his life.

It was the same with her. She felt that she should never love any other man so well as she loved him.

They had one blissful hour before Lady Kilmore came down; and before it was over they had both realized that life without each other would be but a dreary blank to them.

Lady Kilmore was pleased to see the young officer, and the three went out together amongst the roses.

If Lewis Carlisle had been questioned, when the visit was over, he could have recalled but one thing—and that was, that Hilary's face was fairer than any of the flowers and her eyes the color of a purple heartsease; that was the only knowledge he gained from the long lesson which Lady Kilmore gave him.

When it was over, the bell rang for luncheon, and he could not leave just then; so he stopped to take luncheon with them, and, as the afternoon was so fine, Hilary promised to walk through the grounds with him.

Lady Kilmore was too tired to do anything but rest. She saw nothing amiss in the fact that Hilary on that beautiful afternoon should walk as far as the park gates with their very pleasant acquaintance, Lewis Carlisle.

How long that walk lasted neither Hilary nor Lewis ever knew; nor did they remember how long they stood at the gates where the wild roses grew in profusion.

It was late in the afternoon when they awoke to the fact that they had been out in the grounds for several hours.

"And now," said Captain Carlisle, "I must leave you again. What shall I do without you?"

She looked at him, her face beaming with happiness.

'Do you really care so much about being with me?' she asked, wonderingly.

Her experience was so new and so delightful to her; it was better than all the romances she had ever read, and sweeter than than all the poetry.

Her companion looked so handsome with the love light shining in his eyes. To think that she could make his face brighten with laughter or darken with shadows! She liked to remember how much power she had over the noble-looking young soldier.

"I must go," she said at last, in desperation. "I cannot possibly stay one minute longer."

"Tell me before you go that you are sorry to leave me."

And there was such love in his eyes, such anxiety in his voice, that she could not refuse him.

"I am very sorry to leave you," she said gently.

"May I see you again?" he asked. "Do not look at me so gravely, and begin thinking about it. If it gives us happiness to see each other, why should we not meet? Do you see any reason against it?"

"No," she replied, "I do not. But then I am so young, and I know so little of the world."

"You tell me that you spend nearly all your mornings out here. Why not let me join you sometimes?'

"I should be quite willing if it were right," she answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strive to impress on your children that the only disgrace attaching to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTE positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in solid gold, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Union City, Pa., May 21, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The premium ring came to hand to-day. It is all you represent it to be, and I am well pleased A. M. K.

Sheridan, Mich., May 23, 1881.
Editor Post:—I received the ring you sent, and I pronounce it superb. As to the Post, it just suits me, price and all. G. H. D.

Manticello, N. J., May 20, 1881.
Editor Post:—I received both ring and paper in due time, and am very much pleased with both The ring is much better than I expected or thought you could afford to send. M. J.

Frostburg, Md. May 25, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received your ring, with which I am very much pleased. Your paper I also appreciate exceedingly. I. C.

Monovia, Kan., May 29, 1881.
Editors Post:—Papers and premium duly received. Am very much pleased with both. J Q B.

Junction City, May 24, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post: I received the premium ring, and am well pleased with it. It is very beautiful, far ahead of my expectations Accept my thanks. The Post I consider a most excellent paper. Could not do without the weekly visits of the Post. A. A.

Delta, Sampson County, N. C., May 23, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received the papers and the premium ring all right I am highly pleased with both. Many thanks for your beautiful present. It is a great deal better than I expected and the Post I consider a most excellent paper. I intend to take it as long as I can, and will do all I can for you. H. K S.

Laurenburg, N. C., May 20, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring and have delivered it to your new subscriber who in turn wishes me to thank you for so beautiful a present. W. L. F.

Aberdeen, Ohio, May 23, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium ring duly received. Think it very handsome. Please accept thanks, L. B.

Kildare Cass Co., Texas, May 23, 1881.
Editors of Saturday Evening Post:—I have just received your premium ring and am happy to say I am well pleased with it and highly pleased with your paper. It has the best reading matter I have got hold of. I will do all I can to promote your interest in my power and to spread your paper in Texas. G. W. T.

Marion, S. C., May 28, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received; everybody sees it says it is a diamond. I wouldn't sell it for anything if I could not get another. I will always subscribe for the Post. L. W.

South Grove May 20, 1881.
Editors Post:—The premium received and am much pleased with it. So are all that see them Mrs. A. W.

Raton, Colfax Co., New Mex., June 9, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante ring has been received. It is beautiful. E. F. L.

Circleville, Tex.; May 30, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received the premium ring the other day. I think it is more than you represent it to be. I thank you so much for such a present I like the paper so much that it seems so long to wait a week for it. E. S B.

Smarrs Station, Ga., June 6, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Ring received, and am very well pleased with it. Miss. L. M. N.

Sherwood, June 7, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your Diamante ring arrived to day safe and sound I consider it just the thing for a present My mother was real pleased when she saw it, and was not ashamed to put it on beside the rings she has worn for years O. O. E., P. M.

Atwood Ind., June 8, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your premium ring and was well pleased with it it is a handsome premium, just as you represented it. We could not do without the Post. D. S D.

Lowell June 6, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring received. Am very much pleased with it. It is all you recommend it to be. E M. E.

Coal Creek, Tenn., June 6, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante set ring, earrings and stud received The set I am well pleased with. They are all you recommend them to be. H. W.

Toms River, N. J., June 6, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my ring and was well pleased with it It is a beautiful ring I shall continue taking the Post We are so well satisfied with it we should be lost without it A. B.

Marshall, Texas June 9, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium ring is a beauty and on a pinch might answer in lieu of old twenty's head light. Wishing you all success.
H D. B., T. A. P. R. R.

North Platt, June 8, 1881.
Editors Post:—Premium ring received. It is just as good as represented. I have been showing it to my friends, and all are quite delighted with it. J. R. R.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.
Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom Street, Phila'a.

First and Last.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

"THERE she is, Eugene! By Jove, what a face, and what a figure, and did you ever see such glorious dark eyes!"

"Hush, hush, my dear fellow! However interesting I may find your ravings, they will only be laughed at, I fear, if overheard by a cold-hearted unsympath'zing world. She is a charming little woman; and the late Mr. Hardwicke showed his bad taste in dying and leaving her. By the way, he left her a very large fortune, I believe?"

"He did, worse luck; and it is a confounded nuisance, for any fellow who really loved her would seem only to be courting her money. There is nothing I will not do to win that woman for my wife. I will fight or die, or——"

"Give a ball," interrupted Eugene quietly.

"A ball!"

Sam Tukeley's face from red grew very pale and his eager look faded.

He thought a moment, and then said with a deep sigh and decided shake of the head.

"No, Eugene, I can't do that; you must think of something else."

"I can think of nothing half so likely to gratify her, and bring you together. You will then have her in your own house for several hours; you can dance with her, laugh and talk and flirt with her, and if you can't quite come up to the proposing point, you can let her know you are her devoted admirer."

"It's all very fine," said Sam ruefully, "but you've forgotten one important obstacle—I can't dance!"

"Well, bless you, go and learn. There's my worthy countryman, old Hoppanskipp will set you to waltzing like a fairy in two or three lessons."

"I couldn't do it, my dear fellow. What would the governor say, and what would all Chillborough say, when he comes home!"

"Bah! it would all be a nine days' wonder, and forgotten long before he comes back. However, if you can't take my advice, I don't see what else you can do. You can't have a lady visiting you in your sisters' absence, and some other lucky fellow will take the charming widow on her wedding tour before they come home to play propriety for you. But see, here are your friends the Catherwoods," and here Eugene Koenits greeted, with a graceful foreign courtesy, an elderly gentleman with his wife and daughter who were, like themselves, visitors to the Chillborough Flower Show.

But Sam turned away, with an impatient exclamation, as if he saw them not, and his action cause poor Lidie Catherwood, a pretty dark-eyed girl, plainly but richly dressed, to turn a shade paler, as she answered Eugene's lively greeting.

From their childhood, Sam and Lidie had been friends and it was quite an understood thing, though no binding words had been spoken between them, that they were intended for each other, and the friends of both were pleased with the idea

But a few months before, beautiful young Mrs Hardwicke had come on a visit to some relatives at Chillborough, and directly Sam Tukeley saw her, he fell violently in love with her, and poor Lidie, who truly loved him, saw with that keen pain none can understand save the neglected, that his heart was gone from her, and given to the brilliant widow, and his thoughts day and night occupied with plans for getting an introduction, and being frequently in her society.

* * * * *

Sam finally consented to give the ball, and the eventful evening at last arrived; the two friends had worked hard, and neither trouble nor expense had been spared to make the affair successful.

The quiet mansion was quite metamorphosed.

Never had Sam's toilet been so much trouble to him, and never had he felt so terribly dissatisfied with his personal appearance; with anxiety and excitement his face was quite purple, and his hands, never very white, were redder than usual, as if for spite.

However, he soon forgot to fret about his prosaic appearance when Mrs. Hardwicke arrived.

He took possession of her at once and forgot the duty of receiving his guests in his delight in showing her some choice specimens of wild flowers, which had been preserved in a new style by his sisters.

"Pardon me, dear Sam," said Eugene in his softest voice, "for appearing at this moment, but Sir Edward and Lady Mercombe have just arrived and you must go and receive them. Allow me; I shall be delighted to show Mrs. Hardwicke these specimens;" and with his blandest smile he coolly dispossessed his friend of the widow, and Sam had no resource but to go, or else let his charmer think him guilty of discourtesy to his guests.

Not once, but many times during that evening, did the same thing occur, and at last Sam, somewhat irritated, remonstrated somewhat warmly with his friend.

"You must take Lady Mercombe to supper," whispered Eugene as they were about to go down to that meal.

"I'll see her and you far enough first," answered Sam in suppressed fury, and he looked so fierce that Eugene was obliged to retreat, while Sam offered his arm to Mrs Hardwicke and escorted her down in triumph.

But Eugene sat next, and quite neglected the lady he had brought down to resume his French badinage with the pretty widow.

Sam was furious.

All pleasure in the ball was over for him, and though his friend during supper time continued to address him in the smoothest tones, he got such rough answers that Mrs Hardwicke opened her lovely bright eyes in astonishment at her host's surly manners.

She saw something had vexed him, and with womanly tact she turned to talk to him instead of Eugene; and then, for one blissful half hour, Sam was in the seventh heaven of delight, hearing praises of his ball, and answering questions about his sisters and their parents to the lovely being at his side,

But after supper his troubles recommenced.

His duties as host, his own nervousness, and Eugene's management, combined to keep him and Mrs. Hardwicke apart until the time arrived for her to leave, and with her every spark of interest in the ball for him departed.

* * * * *

When he arose next morning a note informed him that Eugene Koenitz had been obliged suddenly to leave on most important business.

A week after, his father's old butler, who had nursed him as a baby, came into his room with a troubled face, and asked permission to tell him some news.

"Speak out, man; what is it?" asked Sam.

"Well, sir, please, I don't tell you for the sake of mere gossip, but it's better I should tell you. Mr. Koenits and Mrs. Hardwicke were married this morning, and they've gone off to France on their wedding-tour."

"Well, let them go where they like," growled Sam, and turned to his book to hide the vexation he could not help feeling at the news.

Just here he saw that Eugene's anxiety that he should give the ball was that he might plead his own case.

"Never mind, sir," the old man ventured again to remark. "She wasn't good enough for you, sir, and Miss Lidie's not married yet, nor won't be for many a year, I'll swear, unless——

"Hold your tongue, Burton," said Sam. "I want nothing more to do with women, and don't you trouble your head with other people's concerns, but go look after your pantry and silver"

"Yes, yes, sir; I am going," answered the old man hastily; then he added as a parting shot: "But Miss Lidie's worth twenty of she, sir."

"A nice life I shall have of it," groaned Sam to himself. "And the governor and the girls will make it ten times hotter when they get home I shall get off abroad for a time."

And he did so.

During the next two years he traveled about in Egypt and Arabia, and long before the time was ended the fascinating widow and his false friend were both forgotten, or remembered only with indifference, while he thought with regret of pretty Lidie Catherwood, and wondered whether she had not yet given her true heart to another.

* * * * * *

Great was the delight of Mr. Tukeley and his daughters when one summer evening the prodigal returned.

His father had only laughed when he heard of the ball, and pitied far more than he blamed his son for his unfortunate freak.

After inquiries about Chillborough friends Sam ventured to ask whether Lidie was married.

"No, you stupid boy, she is not, though I hear she has refused some good offers," answered his father "You had better call and see them to-morrow."

Sam did so, and though Lidie at first received him coldly, she soon forgave him, for she had loved him all her life, and had found it impossible to marry any other.

So there was a gay wedding in the fall, which even the most serious of the Chillborough turned out to see.

And except for a sly joke from Mr. Tukeley or Mr Catherwood, which would make their son's face flame so that he wished for gloves for it again, nothing more was heard from their friends of Sam Tukeley's first and last ball.

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WHY NAMED.—The old-fashioned name of bridegroom was formerly given to the newly-married man because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding day.

LEAP YEAR.—In some parts of the world, the ladies assume the privilege of leap year at all seasons. Among the Tartars of the Ukraine, when a young women falls in love with a man, she goes to his father's house and proposes.

CHICORY.—Chicory, which is so extensively used to mix with coffee, is the dried root of a small plant which bears a blue flower. The root is in the form of a carrot, and when taken up is washed and cut into pieces two or three inches long. The pieces are then dried in a slow oven or kiln They are afterwards cut into much smaller pieces and roasted and ground the same as coffee.

THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.—An old writer says some time before St. John's decease, he was so enfeebled with old age as to have to be carried into the different churches; and being unable to deliver any long discourse, his custom was to say on these occasions, 'My dear children, love one another" On being asked why he told them only one thing, he answered, "Nothing else is needed."

ANCESTORS.—The number of ancestors a person has is astonishing at first sight; at first two parents; in the second four, the parents of his father and mother; in the third eight, the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; by the same rate of progression, 1024 in the tenth; and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every person has 1 000 000 ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.—The familiar myth of the man in the moon represents an early hare in the moon. A hare or rabbit is believed by the Chinese to sit at the foot of the cassia tree in the moon, pounding the drugs of which is concocted the elixir of immortality. The following is one explanation of this myth: The moon is the watcher of the sky—that is to say, she sleeps with her eyes open; so, also, does the hare.

A HERD OF CHEESE.—A Scotch author says once three parties of the Macdonalds went in different directions on a "gentle begging" expedition, for the Christmas of 1543. They met by appointment, and proceeded to divide the proceeds, when it was found after everything else had been divided that the remnant of a cheese was still to be disposed of. From words on the subject, the claimants came to blows—not with fists, alas! but with dirks; and, if the story be true, only one man out of eighteen was left to tell the tale! A small loch at the spot where this happened is still known by the Gaelic name meaning the bloody tarn.

SLEEP.—In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to the next well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarised light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name lunatics. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.

WEARING PIN LORE.—Among the superstitions about pins is that the bride in removing her bridal robes and chaplet at the completion of the marriage ceremony, must take especial care to throw away every pin worn on this eventful day. Evil fortune, it is affirmed, will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet. Woe also to the bridesmaids if they retain any of them, as their chances of marriage will thereby be materially lessened, and anyhow, they must give up all hope of being married before the following Whitsuntide. On the other hand, in some parts, a bride on her return home from church, is often at once robbed of all the pins about her dress by her single friends present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year.

SELF LUMINOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—Self-luminous photographs are, at the present moment, attracting much public attention in Vienna. When these are examined by daylight they look like ordinary paper photographs, but in the dark they are beautifully phosphorescent in the high lights, have a more or less feeble glow in the half tones, and in the deep shadows possess no luminosity. The preparation of these self luminous photographs is very simple. A silver print on albumen paper, or a collotype, is rendered transparent by brushing over it a mixture of equal volumes of castor oil and oil of turpentine. The superfluous oil is removed by means of cottonwood or a linen rag, and the phosphorescent paint is then put on. The paper thus prepared is then dried, and afterward mounted with its reverse side on cardboard.

MARIE.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life
Once more,—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing,
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilight fade
Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.

The Man-Eaters.

BY H. L. JAMES.

ON the first of June, 1850, a whale ship, while cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, encountered a gale, and was driven before it for three days, when she struck upon a coral reef, in sight of a small uninhabited island.

She did not immediately go to pieces; and the crew in the boats managed to save their arms, ammunition, and a part of the provisions, barely enough to last them for a week or ten days.

The island, which they reached, was small, rocky, and barren—not a single tree, and scarcely a vegetable, growing on it.

It was about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth.

It was the highest in the centre, and seemed to be merely the summit of a rocky mountain projecting above the sea.

What prospect could be more gloomy for these men?

During the night the storm broke, and the morning rose calm and fair.

One of the party ascended to the highest point of the island, to sweep the ocean for a sail.

The next minute he called out, in an excited tone, that a boat was in sight.

All ran up to where he stood, and saw that his statement was indeed correct.

Far away to the westward, a dim speck was visible to the seaman's practiced eye, with an occasional faint, silvery flash from the oars of the rowers.

"Let us up with the signals," said the mate.

Not knowing better what to do, they stationed themselves, in a line, some few feet apart, and, taking different garments in their hands, began to wave them above their heads.

This they continued to do till they felt certain they were seen, and that the boat was actually heading towards the island.

In due time it approached near enough for the crew to count twenty natives.

They were of a light copper color, nearly naked, horribly tattooed all over their bodies, limbs, and faces, had heavy rings in their ears and noses, wore their hair long, hanging down their backs and around their shoulders, and were armed with battle-axes, spears, tomahawks, bows and arrows.

By the order of the captain, all the crew laid down their weapons and held out their open palms, in token of peace and surrender.

Seeing this, the natives ventured near enough to hold a conversation, but were still too cautious to land.

"Come on! don't be afraid of us! we won't eat you!" called out one of the men.

"Why, you simpleton," said the captain, reprovingly, "do you suppose they understand our language?"

To his great surprise, however, one of the men of the natives in the boat stood up and exclaimed:

"You Englees!"

"Yes!" replied the captain.

He then went on to inform the native spokesman and interpreter of the misfortunes that had befallen his vessel and crew, and begged that he and his friends would come and rescue them from their awful situation.

This the interpreter made known to the natives, and a consultation was held among them, lasting several minutes.

At last the interpreter, in imperfect English, replied, to the effect that if the crew would lay down their arms on the beach, and away from them, so that the natives could come and get them, they would do what they could for the white men.

As our friends had no alternative but to starve where they were, should they refuse to comply with the proposition, they finally agreed to it, and the natives accordingly came on shore.

The moment, however, they found themselves in possession of the arms of the crew, they became very bold and insolent, and soon began to abuse the poor mariners—striking them, kicking them, and pricking them with their spears.

At last the natives drew together for consultation; and it was believed by the seamen that they were about to decide whether to massacre them where they were, or carry them off prisoners for a fate that might be even worse.

It was more than probable they were cannibals.

Matters had reached quite a desperate crisis.

As if by one thought and one purpose, they all looked towards the boat, which was nearer to them than their foes and partly drawn up on the beach, with only one man guarding it.

The paddles were all there, and, what was still better, their own arms, which the natives had at once placed in it for greater security.

Could they not reach it, seize their arms, make a desperate fight, and, perhaps, capture it, and put off to sea, thus changing places with their captors?

With a quick, eager glance, the captain surveyed the whole scene and took in all the chances.

"Men," he said, in a low, hurried, thrilling tone, "let us seize that boat, regain our arms, and strike for our lives! Quick! follow me!"

With one loud, fierce, simultaneous yell, that startled the natives, and struck terror to their hearts, the men bounded down to the beach.

In less than a minute they had reached the boat, struck the guard to the earth, seized their arms, pushed the light craft afloat, and were in it, and soon away from the shore.

The natives, almost paralyzed at first, now came running towards them, with yells of rage, discharged a shower of arrows, two of which reached their mark, and slightly wounded two of the sailors.

"Steady, lads—give them an answering volley!" cried the captain.

The sharp reports of seven good rifles almost instantly rang out, and four of the natives fell howling to the earth.

"Another!" said the captain.

The rifles were all double-barrels, and another simultaneous discharge brought down three more.

Terrified at this unlooked for result, those of the natives who still remained unharmed instantly fled in dismay, uttering cries of terror.

"Now, then, lads, all together with a will, and let us put as much salt water as possible between us and these treacherous scoundrels!" shouted the captain; "and if we are to die, let it be upon the glorious sea, that has so long been our home!"

For ten long, weary days and nights they floated on the bosom of the mighty ocean, without once seeing land, a sail, or a human creature beside themselves.

Then it chanced that they fell into the course of a vessel engaged in the Chinese trade.

In due time they were taken on board, cared for, and were eventually restored to their country and friends.

The New Tenants.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"SHE'S a very nice young woman," said Mrs. Wilson. "No one has ever heard me deny it. But, all the same, I think our Tom might have done better."

"That's what all mothers-in-law say," remarked old Farmer Wilson, with a dry chuckle.

"Now, Wilson you've no business to say that," retorted his wife, sharply. "I've none of the prejudices of a mother-in-law and never had. This house is exactly like a home to Sallie. She has her own way in everything, and nobody presumes to contradict her in any one respect."

And while Mrs. Wilson, senior, was thus glorifying herself in the front kitchen, Mrs. Wilson, junior, was standing out in the garden sighing to herself:

"I wish I had a home!"

"Don't be a goose, Sallie," said her husband, cheerily; "you've got one."

For to Tom Wilson, who occupied a book keeper's desk in the city, and only came once a week to the farm, things assumed quite a different aspect to the light in which Sallie viewed them.

"But it isn't my own," said Sallie; "and if I suggest anything, your mother screws up her lips, and says, 'City young ladies don't understand how we do things.'"

"Just as my father despises patent fertilizers, and says the old fashioned methods of farming are the best," laughed Tom.

"How I should like to manage this farm for a year," said Sallie earnestly.

"My dear," responded Tom solemnly, "you are only a city young lady."

And then they both laughed.

But the next Saturday night, when he came up from the city, all was bustle and confusion.

"The doctor has seen your father about his last attack of heart-disease, Tom," said the old lady, "and he says he must have sea-air and change of climate, so we've concluded to put a second mortgage on the farm, and go to the sea side."

"A second mortgage," said Tom. "Why, what's the use of that?"

"Well, things have been going disastrously with your father of late," unwillingly acknowledged Mrs. Wilson. "The potato crop has failed, and there's a surplus of carrots in the market, and the hay is all mildewed, and——"

"And you could have made twice the money if you had turned the land into a hay farm and banished the horses and pigs in favor of a hennery and poultry-house as Sallie suggested," dryly observed Tom.

"Nothing of the sort," said his mother tartly. "We are only half ruined now, and we should have been whole ruined then with your new fangled notions."

"Well, well," said Tom laughing, "we'll not quarrel about that. And so you've put up 'To let.' Is that a hint for me and Sallie to hunt other quarters?"

"Well, I calculated it would be better to leave the house in the hands of an agent, and rent it for a year," said Mrs. Wilson, apologetically. "Your father's health is of the greatest importance."

So the Wilsons loaded the farm with a second mortgage and went away.

The farmer whispered——

"God bless you, Sallie. You've been a good daughter to me."

Mrs. Wilson quite omitted to thank her daughter-in-law for all her helpfulness.

And when they got to town, they found a note from the agent awaiting them.

"So the house is rented," said Mr. Wilson.

"To a newly-married couple," said his wife. "Well, I suppose that is better than to have a swarm of children ruining everything!"

"I wonder how Sallie will like going back to the city again!" said the farmer.

"Oh, you couldn't suit her better," said his wife viciously. "Just give her a chance to dress up every day, and she'll think herself in clover."

The Wilsons prolonged their stay, and then they came home.

But the old farm had altered so that they could hardly recognize it, as they drove up from the railroad station in a creaking cart drawn by a limping horse.

"Nice farm this are," said their driver, who was a new-comer in the neighborhood, and quite unacquainted with their identity. "Old Wilson's folks used to own it; but Lord, it ain't like the same place now. The tenants have put it all down in small tenements, and they're gone into the business of raising poultry and eggs for the next town; and they've contracted with a lot of commission merchants for all the fruit, and they've cleared a great deal of money, all expenses paid. I ain't no notion of book farmin', as a general thing, but these people have certainly made it pay."

Farmer Wilson and his wife stared at each other.

"Stop here!" said the old lady, as they reached the front gate.

"Goin' to make them a visit!" asked the driver.

"It's our place," said the old lady loftily. "We own it. I am Mrs. Wilson."

"Bless my soul!" said the driver. "Why, that's the name of the folks as live there now. It's old Wilson's son, I believe, and his wife."

"It ain't!" contradicted the old lady.

But as she alighted and helped out her old husband, Sallie came running to meet her—Sallie with her cheeks like roses, and a fresh cambric dress, such as the old lady religiously believed in keeping for Sundays.

"Dear mother," said she, "you have given us a surprise. Tom is out on the farm—we sent six crates of strawberries to market on the midnight train—but I expect he'll be back directly. And tea is all ready. Here is your old seat, father dear, by the window—just where it used to be last year."

In came Tom sun-browned and beaming.

"You didn't know that I was your tenant, eh, father?" said he. "I paid the rent promptly enough, didn't I? And the old mortgages are all cleared off and the land is in perfect order, and all through Sallie's idea of farming. We've been dealing in fruits and cream, poultry and eggs, and all that sort of thing, and we've doubled our capital very nearly. And I've bought the farm next door, and we shall put up a Gothic cottage there in the spring with all the modern improvements."

Farmer Wilson expressed his warm gratification.

Mrs. Wilson said nothing, but drank hot tea and ate her tea-cakes like one in a dream.

"Sallie," said she, the next morning, all of a sudden, "don't go!"

"Mother!" exclaimed the astonished young matron.

"Don't leave us," said Mrs. Wilson, with a choked voice. "Stay here, and make what alterations and improvements you please. Take the farm, you and Tom—only give us a corner of the fireside to sit by. Thirty years I've tried faithfully to do what you have done in two, and I never succeeded. I begin to think now that I was a bit old fashioned, and behind the times. Forgive me, dear, for all my obstinacy and ill-temper, and stay here to make the remnant of my days brighter."

And Sallie cried, too, and replied:

"Of course she would stay."

And Tom smiled waggishly to himself and said:

"My wife has conquered her mother-in-law."

It was the man who was arrested for stealing a mirror who discovered that he had a glass too much.

ANCIENT EGYPT

THERE is, from a variety of causes, a revival of interest in ancient Egypt, and it is impossible to look back to life, there as it is reproduced for our inspection, without admiration of the versatility of the people. Temperance lecturers are not an exclusive product of our favored age. The Egyptian priests had much of this work to do, and their success was only partial. Men had sometimes to be carried home on the heads of others from the feasts; and of those who could still stand the behavior was no better than in our time. This, however, was mostly among the drinkers of beer, made of barley; and instead of hops the root of the lupin and other plants gave it flavor. But wine made men drunk then as now; for Aristotle studied the matter, and reports that men drunk with wine lie on their faces, but when the beer did the mischief, on their backs. This position has not been sustained.

It is sad to find that the women of Egypt's upper classes did not always practice moderation. A lady is represented in Thebes in that condition when a servant, with a basin, arrives too late to support her mistress, and a group of ladies—not sea sick, but otherwise suffering similarly—illustrate the effects of too great complaisance when wine is offered. This was the more inexcusable as it was not pressed upon the guests, and a total abstainer could have moved as freely in the best society of ancient Egypt as in America.

Indeed, human nature seems to have undergone little change in thirty centuries. Groups of ladies are found examining and discussing one another's earrings. Finger-rings were as varied and as much displayed as now, the third finger being the favorite, but the thumb also sometimes having a ring. Long linen gloves were also in use, and modern ingenuity has devised nothing more complicated than their hair-dressing, or more ingenious than their painting round the eyes to make them look large and lustrous.

Amusements of the kind now popular in certain theatres are presented on the monuments of ancient Egypt, with the same accompaniments of dress, and gesture, and attitude, and something not unlike the lawn-tennis now so popular was common among the Egyptian ladies; but they occasionally played hand-ball in a way not now in use—namely, mounted on each other's backs. The game had this good element in it—it afforded out-door exercise. At an earlier stage the girls had their dolls—more or less good imitations, generally gorgeously painted and toys, in which men figures in violent exercise, worked by a string, amused the other sex.

When more advanced in years the games engaged in were in many respects such as may still be found. Thimble rig was played. Dice, of bone or ivory, and marked as are ours, were used. Hoops, and something like our checkers or draughts, "odd or even," and similar games were played by peer and peasant.

The mania for pets of the four-footed kind is among the features of our time. But it is not new. Whether a lady is dignified by the accompaniment of a small dog on a string, whose principal movements indeed she can control, but to whose minor whims she must sometimes submit, is a matter of taste. But the ancient Egyptians are seen entertaining their friends with a monkey attached to the leg of the sofa on which they sit.

In almost numberless other things which we have not space here to specify, the Egyptians had most modern improvements. Many people have thought that the artificial process of hatching the eggs of geese and fowls was new, but it is still perpetuated among the Copts.

The fishing, boating, fowling, lassoing of wild animals, and the admirable arrangements for the wholesale trade in cattle, would all reward our study, and compel us to admit that advanced as is the nineteenth century of the Christian era, it cannot but look back on the nineteenth century before that era with some respect and admiration.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT EARS.—Large ears can hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought, while small ears hear things in particular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by a love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the facts of the case with the general principles involved—too strict attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more important, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually well-fitted, to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out large sums. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of the story as well as the main facts; take delight in examining, handling or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in respect to buying or selling.

When you read the seductive legend in the tobacconist's window, "Our five-cent cigars can't be beat," remember that if they can't be beat, they may be cabbage.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY EMILY PFEIFFER.

O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
But heavy with the breath of flowers,
But languid with the fervent heat,
They chide amiss who call thee fleet,
Thee with thy weight of daylight hours,
O Summer-time, so passing sweet!

Young Summer, thou art too replete,
Too rich in choice of joys and powers,
But languid with the fervent heat.
Adieu! My face is set to meet
Bleak Winter, with his pallid showers—
O Summer-time so passing sweet!

Old Winter steps with swifter feet,
He lingers not in wayside bowers;
He is not languid with the heat;
His rounded day, a pearl complete,
Gleams on the unknown night that lowers
O Summer-time, so passing sweet,
But languid with the fervent heat!

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED)

IT was with compressed lips and moody brow that he opened the little gate in the laurel hedge, and walked up the path to the house mantled over with Virginia creeper. Mrs. Lemont had been watching for him, and opened the door herself. Much to her surprise, his greeting was more affectionate than it had been for some time past.

"I could not tell what to make of your note," she said, as she led the way into the parlor.

"Could you not? Well, I am here to explain," returned Fancourt, dropping into a lounging chair near the window. "I have come down to "The Angler's Rest" for a while; I am not quite the thing, and want nursing."

"And so you come to me!" interrogated Julie.

"Where have I a better right to come?" asked Fancourt, with an assumption of tenderness.

"Nowhere," Julie replied; "if you have missed me, it has been through no fault of mine. You judged it better under the circumstances that I should be here—I agreed with you that it might be so. In keeping silence I have made sacrifices that few women would have made; when is it to end? When are you likely to be your own master?"

She had placed herself opposite to Fancourt, where she could watch his countenance. He drew back within the shadow of the curtain to avoid her scrutiny.

"How can I tell?" he said. "Lord Alphington is a hale man, and may live for years—confound it! He doesn't like me—there is no use in disguising the fact; so that I am farther than ever from being able to have my own way."

"Why doesn't he like you?" inquired Julie, impatiently. "What have you been doing? How has he come to know you so well?"

"You're not fair upon me, Julie—'pon my honor, you're not," said Fancourt, wincing—"when I only want to do what is best for us both—for our future, do you know. If I am secure as to the title and entailed estates, Lord Alphington might will away from me every shilling that he possesses—and, by Jove, I believe he would too, if I went against him! Will you listen patiently while I tell you what I propose?"

"Have I not given proof enough of patience?" demanded Julie, tapping the ground with her foot. "I am nearly tired of it—tired of being cooped up here. I expected that by this time you would have won over the old Earl. I would have done so."

"Then, if you are tired of being cooped up here, you will be the more ready to do what I wish," Fancourt rejoined, taking no notice of the latter part of her speech. "You cannot remain in England without danger of detection, and that would be ruin to me. By Heaven, it makes me mad to think what it would be!" he went on with a sort of groan, writhing in his chair as he spoke. "Will you join your brother in France, or will you return to America? You promised to keep quiet until Lord Alphington's death."

"No!" cried Julie, her eyes flashing, her whole frame quivering with anger, "I will not go! I see what you want. You would get rid of me if you could. But you will not find that so easy a matter. Suppose I go myself to Lord Alphington!"

"And be put under restraint as a mad woman," said Fancourt, with a sneer. "Do you think for a moment he would listen to you?"

"Yes," answered Julie, in a lower tone, her eyes fixed upon her companion's face; he would recognise that there must be truth in what I should say, for I have the ring."

"Which you stole," observed Fancourt, coolly, not evincing the surprise she expected. "Do you know that the matter has been put into the hands of a detective? If you brought that ring forward, you would have to answer for the possession of it."

"And I would tell them!" she exclaimed, greatly excited. "Do you think I should care what they did to me? I would tell them who I am. It would be for you to deny it."

"Which I should do most decidedly," said Fancourt, doggedly. "Now, Julie, be reasonable. You can gain nothing by going against me—nothing at all. What is to prevent my stopping the allowance I give you? But I don't want to do that, though it's an infernal drain upon me, by Jove—that, and the sums I have to send to that confounded brother of yours!"

"What is to prevent your stopping my allowance?" cried Julie. "You know what would prevent your stopping it. You know you dare not. I hold you in my power. Go I will not at your bidding; nor will I wait much longer. Am I to waste my life while you revel? Don't think it. You told me Lord Alphington was aged and feeble."

Fancourt had become very white with some inward struggle; cold drops stood on his brow.

"Is it your determination not to go?" he asked, in a low, constrained voice. "There may be safer places found for the refractory than either France or America."

"Do you threaten me?" she exclaimed, hotly. "Take care what you do!"

"I will take care," said Fancourt from between his closed teeth, as he rose from his seat. "I shall be here for some time; perhaps before I leave you will have changed your tune."

"No, no—a thousand times no!" Julie cried, also rising. "I have given you warning—once—twice. Soon I shall act."

"Yes, you have given me warning," said Fancourt, taking up his hat. "But I don't want to quarrel with you, Julie—'pon my honor, I don't. I came here to be friends."

He did not meet her eyes as he spoke, but smoothed his hat round with his glove.

"You came here to get what you wanted," rejoined Julie, bitterly. "But neither do I want to quarrel. Only you must understand that I am not to be put out of the way just when it serves your turn. If you have your game to play, I have mine. We have gone through much together, Sedley," she added, in a softened tone—"why should we be adversaries now?"

"It depends upon yourself," said Fancourt, sullenly. "I will see you to-morrow; you had better think over what I have said."

And then he took his departure, and Julie stood looking after him with flushed cheeks and knitted brow.

"There is something he will not confess to me," she said to herself, as a sudden suspicion shot through her like a sword-thrust. "John will know whom he has made acquaintance with, and where he visits. I will question John."

"I do not think Juno is quite well, sir," observed John to his master, the day but one following the interview between Julie Lemont and Fancourt; "she's off her feed, and hangs her head queerly."

"I don't suppose there's much the matter," Fancourt returned, carelessly. "Leave her alone; I'll look after her."

John made no reply. He finished laying out his master's clothes, and, there being no further occasion for his attendance just then, he went into the inn kitchen and lighted a pipe, and then he sauntered to the front door, whereat he stood smoking and ruminating.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR some time past St. Lawrence had remained away from Ivy Cottage for the sake of his own honor and peace of mind, and then he delayed the renewal of his visits out of tenderness to his friend. Happy as he could not fail to be in the knowledge that no barrier existed between him and the woman he loved, he could not make any display of his joyful feelings—could do nothing to forward his own suit while Douglas was suffering from recent disappointment.

Douglas came to the determination of spending the winter in Rome, and spoke of setting off at once, so as to visit the cities of northern Italy by the way. But, impetuous and hasty as he was, never resting until he had carried out any project on which he was bent, he found it impossible to arrange to leave England as soon as he had at first intended. Certainly he had sent home one uncompleted portrait he had on his easel, declining to receive any remuneration for it in its unfinished state, and St. Lawrence had undertaken the commission of letting the studio, and disposing of various articles Douglas no longer needed; still many little matters required his personal attention, and, in spite of his impatience, some few weeks elapsed before he sent a farewell note to Mrs. Dalton instead of calling, packed up his colors and brushes, and bade good-bye to St. Lawrence, who saw him into the tidal train *en route* for Boulogne.

Then, and not till then, did St. Lawrence feel himself free. He gave little credit to what Douglas had hinted about Bertha's feelings towards him, but yet he did not despair. He told himself that, if devoted love could win her, he would win her, if she gave him only the faintest shadow of hope. He would wait and persevere until he gained her regard. Nothing seemed impossible for him with Bertha's love as his reward. If fortune smiled upon him, she would still be his priceless treasure; if it frowned, he was ready to set its threatenings at defiance with her by his side.

Douglas's departure threw Mrs. Dalton into a strange confusion between regret and vexation. She was puzzled to account for his leaving England without calling, when they had always been upon friendly terms, and his note gave no reason for such unaccountable behavior. It merely stated his intention of spending the winter on the Continent—that was all.

"If he had only called, I might have managed to bring things round after all," she said to Bertha. Mrs. Dalton had great faith in her diplomatic powers.

Bertha kept silence. She would have liked to see Douglas again, to assure him of her friendship, of her interest in his welfare, and to wish him God-speed; but, as he had judged it best that they should not meet again, she could only acquiesce.

The intended visit to the Larches had not been given up, though it was postponed; she was to go there with her mother after Lena's marriage, and there she would most probably remain. The prospect of leaving London was anything but joyful to her. Of the two she would infinitely have preferred to resume her former toilsome duties. Taking up her residence with Sir Stephen and Lady Langley would effectually close the door against any hope of meeting St. Lawrence again. All she could look forward to in the future would be watching for mention of his name, as he rose to eminence as an artist. This would be but meagre satisfaction; but she was not utterly unhappy in her love from pride in the object that inspired it. She had given up the hope that he would call again at Ivy Cottage; and when at last he did call she was out with Lena, and Mrs. Dalton was at home alone.

St. Lawrence quickly perceived a change in Mrs. Dalton's manner towards him, and at first supposed her coldness might arise from offence on account of his having absented himself so long. He attempted no apology, however, for he could allege no excuse. The real cause he could not divulge.

Mrs. Dalton fully intended, should Mr. St. Lawrence call again, to tell him that she had heard reports concerning him that would make any further acquaintance undesirable; but there was a certain dignity, not to say stateliness, about St. Lawrence that overawed her. She could not frame the words that should convey her meaning; and, as she looked into his fine intelligent countenance, and met his honest, clear-seeing eyes, she felt a good deal staggered in her belief that there had been anything disreputable in his past life. Still she felt bound by Fancourt's expressed wish. It would not do, as she told Bertha, to have any one coming to the house of whom he did not approve. It was these conflicting ideas that caused her manner to be constrained and embarrassed.

They spoke at first of Douglas; and Mrs. Dalton could not forbear expressing something of her disappointment, which made St. Lawrence fully understand that Bertha had kept Douglas's proposal a secret—and he loved her the more for it, though it was only what he would have expected from her. He inquired for the young ladies, and was told they had gone out together.

"You have heard of an approaching event in our family, probably?" said Mrs. Dalton at last, by way of introducing Fancourt's name.

"Yes, I have heard," St. Lawrence replied, gravely. "May I ask if any time is fixed for the ceremony?"

"No—the day is not yet absolutely fixed," Mrs. Dalton replied. "You see there are settlements, and a good many things to consider in forming an alliance with a man of Mr. Fancourt's position. Lord Alphington has been laid up with an attack of gout. We have not seen him yet, but I must say he has acted very generously."

St. Lawrence's countenance wore an expression of pity as he observed Mrs. Dalton's flutter of pride and triumph on speaking of her daughter's engagement, and in mentioning the name of Lord Alphington. He was silent, however, and Mrs. Dalton took courage.

"Have you ever happened to meet Mr. Fancourt?" she asked.

"Mr. Fancourt? Never," he replied.

"Oh, I am so glad! He must have been mistaken then," she said, with a gasp of relief.

"Mistaken! In what way?" St. Lawrence inquired.

"Oh, only one day, when we were in Kensington Gardens, I saw you at a distance, and pointed you out to Mr. Fancourt; and he said that he had seen you before—had known you under another name, in fact—and that—that——"

"I was no better than I should be, I suppose," said St. Lawrence, smiling, as Mrs. Dalton broke off her sentence in embarrassment.

There—it was out! And, instead of Mr. St. Lawrence appearing ready to sink into the earth with shame and confusion on being detected, he was calmly regarding her with those wonderfully penetrating eyes that always made her feel as if her little shallow subterfuges would be of no avail, and actually smiling! Mrs. Dalton colored painfully.

"I didn't exactly mean to say that," she stammered; "but you will, I am sure, understand, Mr. St. Lawrence, that, situated as I am, I have to be very particular; and, as Mr. Fancourt thinks——"

"One word, Mrs. Dalton," St. Lawrence interposed. "Do you go by Mr. Fancourt's opinion in your implied judgment of me, or have you yourself observed anything in my manner or conduct that has led you to think unfavorably of me?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. St. Lawrence," cried the poor lady, becoming more and more distressed with her self-imposed task—"quite the contrary, I assure you; only——"

"Only that Mr. Fancourt does not wish to meet me," said St. Lawrence, again taking up the word. "That I can quite understand, and for the present I will take care that you shall be subjected to no unpleasantness on my account. The time will come before long, I trust, when I shall present myself before you under a different light."

"I am so sorry," Mrs. Dalton faltered. "And there is another thing I wanted to say. I am afraid my Lena may have made an impression upon you, but I am sure your good sense will tell you that that could not have been, even if she had not been engaged."

"Make your mind perfectly easy on that score, my dear madam," said St. Lawrence, as he rose to end the interview. "I admire and respect Miss Dalton, but I have no pretensions to be an aspirant to her favor. I would with all my heart that good wishes could prevail to obtain for her happiness and prosperity." He looked grave now, but, soon smiling again, he held out his hand. "You will not refuse to shake hands with me, at any rate," he added.

"I am sure I wish you well, Mr. St. Lawrence," replied Mrs. Dalton; agitated not only by what she had felt herself obliged to say, but by vague doubts and apprehensions to which St. Lawrence's manner had given rise. "I hope you will see that I am not to blame—that I couldn't help myself."

"Undoubtedly you are not to blame," returned St. Lawrence; "and if, in the future, you may be inclined to blame me for want of candor, let me say now that circumstances tie my tongue—that I cannot act as I would, or there are none I should more rejoice to take into my confidence than you and yours." With these words he bowed himself out.

Calmly to all appearance as he had taken Mrs. Dalton's dismissal—for it amounted to that—he nevertheless felt sore at heart. For the present another barrier was placed between him and Bertha. He fully expected it would be thrown down, perhaps before long; but in the meantime it was hard to be separated from her, and still harder to reflect that she might be led to think ill of him.

"I don't think she will, though," he said to himself, striving to find comfort in this inward assurance; "she is not one to judge lightly or to take up prejudices; nor do I imagine she will let herself be guided by that precious scamp her poor foolish mother is so proud of as her future son-in-law."

Then his thoughts recurred to Lena. Vain, worldly-minded, selfish as she might be, it was dreadful to think of her being sacrificed; he only hoped that, before the time came, he would be in a position to speak out—that much now mysterious might be unravelled. He had received occasional communications from Riggs, always to the same effect—"Keep quiet, or you may ruin our chance." The last note said, "I hope we are on the right road at length; only have patience a little longer."

There was nothing for it then but to curb his impatience and wait, hoping that some turn of events would bring about what he seemed to have no power himself to effect. He was learning a difficult lesson; it would have been comparatively easy to strive openly against adverse circumstances, if such striving could have done any good, but he had yet to study to wait and trust.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"BUT that dog seems very bad," said Mr. Perkins, Mrs. Lemont's factotum, to his confidential friend John, as they sat over a glass of whisky punch in the bar parlor of "The Angler's Rest." "Very bad," he repeated; "I wonder Mr. Fancourt doesn't have a vet to see her—she's a valuable dog."

"She's worse again to-day," said John, patting Juno's head, who feebly strove to lick his hand as she lay extended at his feet. "She's been better for a few days, but now she's worse. I said to master this very morning, 'If I were you, sir, I'd have a vet to see Juno.' My master hasn't got much feeling for dumb animals, I take it. What should you say, Mr. Perkins? You've known him longer than I have. Take another glass of punch, Mr. Perkins."

"Well, I don't care if I do," responded Perkins, holding out his glass to be replenished. "It's good stuff they keep here, and no mistake," he added, smacking his lips as he sipped the fragrant beverage.

"You may well say that, Mr. Perkins," returned John. "The sort of fisherman that

come here like what's good, and know if they don't get it. As I was saying, you know Mr. Fancourt before I did, Mr Perkins."

"Not long before," said Perkins. "I came with Mrs. Lemont from Amerikay. I'd gone out there with a family; but I didn't like the place. Old England for me, I says; so I was glad enough to get back. We didn't see much of Mr. Fancourt that is now, then. We lived over a china and glass shop in Westbourne Grove—a deal livelier place than this, to my thinking."

"You may say that. Here's to your health, Mr. Perkins, interposed John, taking a sip.

It might have been observed that, whilst he took care to replenish his companion's glass with good liquor, his own was scarcely touched.

"Of course it was livelier," John resumed. "This is but a dull place for a person of your powers of observation, Mr. Perkins. Did Mrs. Lemont keep much company there? That would make a difference, too, because she doesn't see much now, I take it."

"Well, no; I can't say as we did have much company," replied Perkins, who always became extra confidential over his glass. "You see, I may tell you, being one of the family, as you may say; but it mustn't go any farther, you know—mum's the word!" And Perkins with a knowing wink put his finger to his nose.

John nodded, as though to say, "I understand."

"We didn't have much company, though my mistress used to go out a good deal, and was sometimes fetched by a dashing sort of party. But there was a gent as used to come that she seemed wishful to get rid of—some sort of relation, I take it," said Mr. Perkins.

"Ay," returned John, carelessly. "What did she want to get rid of him for?"

"I think he used to come for money," Mr Perkins replied, "and we none of us like to be sponged upon—my mistress no more nor any one else."

"No, certainly not," said John. "You're not drinking your whisky, Mr. Perkins. Will you have a pipe?"

"Well, I don't care if I do have a whiff," Perkins answered, using his customary formula.

John called for clean pipes, and produced a tobacco pouch from his pocket.

"You'll find this good, Mr Perkins," he said, as he laid it before his friend. "Help yourself."

"You're a fine judge of character, Mr. Perkins," John resumed, after the pipes had been brought in and filled, and the smoke from the fragrant weed began to ascend. "You ought to have risen in life. As for me, I can brush clothes and go of errands, and perhaps I know a thing or two; but I haven't your powers, Mr. Perkins. Now I should just like to hear you describe this gent; you'd do it like print—you'd hit him off to the life, I know."

John put his head on one side, prepared to listen with becoming attention.

"Well, he was rather a little chap," Perkins began, flattered by his companion's praise—"less nor you—and you're not of the biggest, you know. He'd a dark complexion, and black eyes that was always twinkling about, and an aquiline nose, and thin lips that always looked as if he was a-saying something to himself; and he didn't wear no whiskers nor moustaches; and he always looked out at elbows like, though he did get money from my mistress."

"Ha, ha!" laughed John. "Your descriptions are as good as a play, Mr. Perkins. What was the name of the gent? I've a queer fancy for knowing names. Names always seem to me to have a likeness in 'em to the people that owns 'em, somehow."

"I can't tell you," said Mr. Perkins—"I never heard. I only heard my mistress call him Pierre—that was what made me think he was some sort of relation. And I don't mind telling you a queer start, Mr. John, because I know it will go no farther. A young lady called at our place one day to inquire after this Mr Pierre—about something he had lost, and she had found, she said. My mistress had said to me, more than once, 'Mind, Perkins, if any one should inquire after that gent, don't you, on any account, let out that he comes here.' And when she sent me up-stairs to ask if any one had been to the house the evening before, she gave me a look, and held up her finger, so I stuck to it as no one had been, of course."

"Of course, Mr. Perkins—quite right," agreed John. "Ha, ha! I can't help thinking how clever you are in taking notice, to be sure. And where is this Mr. Pierre now, I wonder? A little drop more, Mr. Perkins?"

"No, thank you—no more," Perkins replied, at the same time edging his glass nearer the jug.

"Just a little," John urged. "This good whisky is as innocent as milk, you know."

"Well, just the least drop," said Mr. Perkins.

"I wonder where he is," John repeated. "I could just fancy I should know him if I met him."

"You're not likely to meet him; he's in France," said Mr. Perkins. "I know that much."

"In France, is he?" interrogated John. "Ah, I dare say he's a native of France, by the name. I know a good many Pierres in one part of France; perhaps it may be the same place. Does he ever write to your mistress?"

"Oh, yes," replied Perkins; "that's when he wants money, I take it. My mistress is always savage when she gets one of them there letters."

"I tell you what I wish you would do for me, Perkins. Fill your pipe—here's a good fellow," said John. "The next letter that comes I wish you would notice the foreign postmark, and make a note of it. As I said, I know a good many Pierres in one part of France, and I should like to see if it's the same—just out of curiosity, you know."

"Do it? I'd do far more than that for such a good friend as you!" cried Perkins, becoming affectionate, and holding out his hand, which John clasped in a hearty shake.

"Your master's gone to town to-day, hasn't he?" Mr. Perkins resumed, taking a few whiffs at his pipe, and a sip of his punch. "Where does he go? What makes him want to go to town so often? Mistress is a bit jealous, I take it."

"Jealous!" John exclaimed, with an expression of astonishment. "What a queer fancy!" he laughed. "Why, don't you know my master's a member of the Philologists' Anthropological Society? He goes up to town to attend the meetings."

"Lor, you don't say so!" cried Perkins. "Who'd have thought it now? I never saw much of him. He never came much to Westbourne Grove: but I shouldn't have took him for that sort."

"Ah, you see it's different now he's come to his rights," explained John. "He'll have to go to Parliament, don't you see? And those that go into Parliament have to be learned out and out."

"Of course," Mr. Perkins assented. "Well, I must be toddling. My mistress wasn't very well to-day."

"Indeed! I'm sorry to hear it," said John. "What was the matter?"

"Why, she seemed faint and all overish," Perkins returned. "Mr. Fancourt seed her before he went to town this morning and he went and got her a bottle of snuff from the chemist's, but it hasn't done her no good yet."

"I'm sorry she isn't well," John repeated. "If my master's off again to-morrow, I'll come along to the cottage and inquire."

"Do so, old feller," returned Mr. Perkins, not very intelligibly, as he drained his glass.

When he rose to his feet, he found it not very easy to keep on them, and, after John had handed him his hat, he had considerable difficulty in fixing it on his head. John took him under his protection, and walked him off, not leaving him till he saw him safely in bed in his own room over the cottage stable.

John looked up at the windows of the house as he passed out through the gate. A light was burning in the room he knew to be Mrs Lemont's.

"Poor woman!" John ejaculated, softly, as he fastened the gate; and then he walked quickly back to the inn, and was ready at his post when Fancourt returned.

Fancourt could not endure to be absent from Lena Dalton; his passion for her amounted to a sort of madness. The indifference that she took little trouble to disguise seemed only to add fuel to the flame. Immediately after the marriage they were to go to Paris, and then on to the South of France for three months, while the house in Magnus Square was being newly fitted up for their reception. Fancourt counted the hours that must intervine before he could call Lena his—hours that he felt were fraught with danger! Once married, once out of England for a time, all would go well, he thought. Then, after his return, having carried out all his plans, he persuaded himself he would turn over a new leaf and settle down into steady going respectability, utterly anathematising his evil fate that had driven him into such straits to accomplish what he wished.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was with feelings of both surprise and pleasure that Lord Alphington received Fancourt's letter acquainting him with his engagement to Madelina Dalton and asking his consent. He hurried off to Lady Langley with the news.

"Perhaps you are right after all, my dear Lady Langley," he said, "and I may have been over severe in my judgment of the young man; he must have something good in him to win the affections of one of your charming young friends. As far as I myself am concerned, I must confess I would rather it had been the younger of the two; but I dare say Miss Dalton is the more likely to attract a young man's fancy—she is a lovely creature."

"I am sincerely glad you are satisfied with Mr. Fancourt's choice," returned Lady Langley, who had already heard the important news through Mrs Dalton; "the Daltons are of a good family, though not rich. Bertha is a dear girl, but Lena far from unamiable, and will make Mr. Fancourt a good wife, I have no doubt."

Lady Langley would have been sorry to damp Lord Alphington's pleasure by saying what she thought of Lena's worldliness, and of the probable state of her affections. Lord Alphington made a lengthened visit; he was partial to Lady Langley's society, and found much comfort in her ready sympathy.

"I will not visit on Fancourt's wife any displeasure I may have felt towards himself—she may be assured of that," said Lord Alphington, at the close of his visit. "She shall have all that the future Countess of Alphington has a right to expect. I shall at once make over to the young people the house in Magnus Square, only reserving a suite of rooms for my own use, and Miss Dalton shall have it newly fitted up according to her own taste. I shall at once go up to London to see her, and assure her of the gratification I feel in the connection; and I will also see Thomson about the settlements. There is no necessity for delay that I know of."

"You cannot think how glad I am that you view the matter in this light," observed Lady Langley. "I should have feared that you would think Mr. Fancourt ought to have looked higher."

"My dear Lady Langley, I was so much afraid that he would have looked lower that this engagement is an unspeakable relief to me," Lord Alphington returned.

"Did you know that Mrs. Dalton and her two daughters were to have spent a month with us this autumn?" asked Lady Langley. "I suppose this marriage will alter all their plans. However, I dare say Mrs. Dalton and Bertha will come to us later on."

"Probably," returned Lord Alphington, smiling. "I have no doubt Fancourt will be impatient—and I cannot blame him. I shall place no obstacles in his way. Mrs Dalton and her younger daughter will probably be glad to come when the young folk are spending their honeymoon. I shall be pleased to see more of that sweet girl."

"I had hoped to persuade Mrs Dalton to let us keep Bertha with us altogether," said Lady Langley; "but I fear now she will be unwilling to part with her. By the by," she continued, as the Earl took up his hat, "have you heard anything more about the robbery of that ring?"

"No," Lord Alphington replied. "I wish it could have been traced. I should have liked to have placed it on the finger of the fair bride. It ought to be hers, according to the tradition of the family. Good-bye. I suppose you and Sir Stephen will be present at the wedding?"

"I should say, as a matter of course, that Sir Stephen would have to give the bride away," Lady Langley answered. "The Daltons have no male relatives that I know of. Good-bye. You will not be long away, I suppose?"

"No," said the Earl; "I shall have nothing to detain me in town beyond a week, at the outside."

And then he went away, and, mounting his horse, rode home through the park in a more cheerful frame of mind than he had experienced since the first interview with his heir.

After his return to the house he shut himself in his library and wrote several letters, one being that which had given Mrs. Dalton and Lena so much pleasure.

He had fully intended to go up to London early the following day; but in the night an attack of his old enemy—gout—came on, which this time would not be warded off. For several weeks he was confined to his room, and after the disease abated it was some time before he could move about easily, so that his journey to London was unavoidably postponed. The preparations for his grandson's marriage, however, went on. Mr. Thomson paid sundry visits to Alpington Park for necessary instructions and signatures, and the wedding was fixed to take place within a few days, when Lord Alphington at last found himself able to proceed to town, which he did, intending to remain there till after the ceremony.

The bride and bridegroom were to set off for a three months' tour on the Continent immediately after the wedding breakfast; courier and lady's maid were both engaged. Trunks containing the principal part of the *trousseau* were already packed in readiness for removal to the house in Magnus Square, the principal rooms of which were to be newly decorated and furnished during Mr. and Mrs. Fancourt's absence. Mrs. Dalton was at the height of pleasurable excitement, giving orders for the breakfast and the reception of the expected guests. Sir Stephen and Lady Langley were to arrive in town on the following day and to take up their sojourn in Magnus Square, when Lord Alphington paid his long promised visit to the beautiful *fiancee*.

Mrs. Dalton was in a flutter, as usual, and Lena felt something like a nervous tremor, when Lord Alphington's carriage stopped at the gate. They were soon reassured, however, by the cordiality of his manner. He pressed a fatherly kiss on Lena's brow, and she, touched by his kindness, in the little heart she had left that was not rendered callous by selfishness, received his salutation with a very engaging degree of shy emotion—a momentary overflow of feeling that for the instant lent her loveliness its crowning charm. His manner to Bertha was affectionate; and Mrs. Dalton was in the "seventh heaven," at the very acme of all she hoped or desired.

"And now, Mrs Dalton," said the Earl, after nearly an hour of confidential talk, "you must fix a time for bringing your daughters to Magnus Square. Madelina must see her future home, and decide upon the alterations she would wish to have made during her absence. Bertha, too, will assist us with her taste," he added, turning with a pleasant smile to the younger sister, and then again to Mrs. Dalton. "May I have the pleasure of seeing you to luncheon to-morrow?"

"We shall be delighted," replied Mrs. Dalton. "Mr. Fancourt was here this morning, but I don't know whether he is engaged to-morrow—he did not say."

"We will leave Fancourt out of the question, if you please," returned Lord Alphington—"if you can endure the separation from your betrothed for a few hours, Miss Dalton?"

Lena colored vividly, but the blush had a different cause from that Lord Alphington assigned to it. She felt guilty before this good old man; she knew that if he could read her inmost heart he would despise her—nay, probably turn from her with something like disgust. Unlike her mother, Lena was quite awake to the knowledge that there was a higher path she had refused to tread; and at such moments as these she scorned herself for the false, venal woman she was. She soon, however, put these thoughts away from her. The die was cast. She persuaded herself that it was too late to retract even if she had the wish. And Lord Alphington, at any rate, need never know the truth, need never know the part she was acting. She recovered her equanimity in time to take a graceful leave of her future relative and Lord Alphington returned to Magnus Square very favorably impressed and quite satisfied that his grandson had made a sensible choice.

At one o'clock the following day Lord Alphington's carriage, as had been agreed, arrived for the ladies. Mrs Dalton was in spirits, Lena and Bertha were both rather subdued, though their seriousness had a different source.

"My dear Lena, how delightful this is!" cried Mrs. Dalton, as they rolled along in the elegant open landau. "I always told you that if you held your head high enough you would ride in your own carriage; now didn't I, my love?"

"I told Bertha I was born to achieve greatness—but she didn't believe me," Lena replied.

"I don't think I said you wouldn't achieve greatness," said Bertha, "but only that I thought there were things more worthy of achievement."

"How silly you are, Bertha—just like your poor father!" said Mrs Dalton. "It is well I have one daughter, at any rate, who has common sense."

"Pray don't let us show ourselves so very exuberant to-day, mamma," observed Lena, a little pettishly. "Lord Alphington might not think it in good taste. Bertha's philosophy will stand her in good stead. She won't be at all overpowered by any amount of grandeur she may see."

"Perhaps not overpowered," said Bertha, laughingly. "But don't you think I delight in having beautiful objects about me as much as you do? There are, however, some things I value more—that is all."

In spite of Lena's determination not to go into ecstasies, she could not quite conceal her exultation at the splendors that opened before her view in Magnus Square. Certainly the contrast to the narrow and somewhat dull life she had previously led was enough to tempt a stronger mind than Lena Dalton's.

The powdered footmen in their rich liveries, moving about noiselessly like so many machines merely wound up to do their owner's bidding; the sumptuous luncheon table, with its array of plate and its decorations of exquisite hothouse flowers; the lofty suites of rooms through which Mrs. Dalton and her daughters were conducted, with their mirrors and gilding, and paintings *a la* Watteau, and satin hangings, all faded now, but still gorgeous to eyes unused to the lavish display of wealth—all this turned Lena rather dizzy. She had looked forward to it all; and yet, now that it had come, she could not realize the fact that it was really to be hers, but seemed walking as in a dream.

"You must select the colors you prefer, my dear," said Lord Alphington to her, as they stood in the spacious drawing room. "I see these rooms must be entirely redecorated—and they shall be begun at once. This crimson is not the most becoming color to one so fair as you, I think," he continued, feeling as if years were lifted from his head in the prospect of the new interest opening out before him.

"We have always considered blue one of Lena's colors," announced Mrs. Dalton.

"I don't think I should like blue for a town house, mamma," Lena interposed. "I think I should prefer green—a subdued sea-green; it would harmonise with plenty of gilding, and that always lights up well."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knowledge does not comprise all that is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be installed, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.

What's in a Name.

BY M VESTAL

IF there was any commandment which Mrs. Robson persistently and repeatedly disregarded, it was the one wherein we are commanded to make unto ourselves no idols, for certainly she did little short of making an idol of her own son Charlie.

They lived together in a cosey cottage Charlie had bought, and a well-tilled farm; and now at twenty six without a debt or an enemy, handsome Charlie stood stalwart and strong before the world.

People did not wonder at Mrs. Robson's idolatry.

Surely she had reason to be proud of her son, and her life up to the time of Charlie's independence had been hard enough.

From the day she married Charlie's father her troubles had began.

For though Harry Green was handsome enough to win any woman's admiration, and the only heir to a comfortable property, he proved to be the poorest of husbands.

He was selfish, vain and reckless, and ere ten years had passed, squandered his fortune and was killed in a drunken quarrel, leaving his widow and little son penniless.

Through the kindness of relatives the poor woman managed to exist a few years and then married again.

But her second marriage was not calculated to lift her above all trouble, for though Richard Robson was a kind man and one above reproach, morally, he was little better than an invalid, and after nursing him through a miserable existence for four years, he died.

Charlie was fifteen years old when his step father died.

He had been attending the village academy for several years, but this second widowhood left his mother in very poor worldly condition, he resolved to do something toward her support.

Obtaining a position in a mercantile establishment as clerk, he secured copying to do of evenings, and managed to lay up a comfortable little sum as months rolled on.

He paid the rent on his mother's cottage, and at last bought it outright.

Then he rented the farm adjoining, and by careful economy and persevering labor, became the proud owner of farm, stock and buildings.

And now from every quarter came the advice and questioning—

"Charlie, why don't you get married? It is time you were getting a wife! Why don't you settle down?"

All young men and women who are of marriageable age are familiar with these questions.

There was one person who neither gave Charlie advice of this nature nor listened with composure when others gave it.

This person was his mother.

To ensure his mother peace of mind, Charlie had solemnly promised never to marry until she herself told him to bring home a wife.

That was four years ago, before Charlie had seen pretty witching Tilly Brown; and to tell a secret known to no one, that promise had weighed very heavily upon his heart for three months past, or ever since he met the aforesaid Tilly in the village choir, where both sang.

He knew he loved her and he suspected she loved him.

One evening he sat thinking how he could best broach the subject to his mother, when she broke in upon his reverie.

"Charlie," quoth she, "I want you to go to town on Monday, and make some purchases. You know haymaking begins week after next. You ought to have up a good girl to help with the work through haying, and I want a new dress, Charlie."

Charlie drew himself out of his brown study.

"Why, of course, mother but hadn't you better go and pick out the dress yourself?"

"No, I don't want to take the ride just for that. You can get it. There is a new color very stylish now. You may as well get that while you are getting anything, as it is dark and don't fade. Myrtle green they call it"—a very dark shade. I want something for constant use—something that will wear and be serviceable. Just make a memorandum of it now and then you'll remember."

So Charlie took out his note book and wrote down—

"Myrtle green, something serviceable, that will wear," and then added several other items which Mrs Robson suggested

The next day was Sunday and Charlie decided to go to church and take his mother.

She was not over strong and did not usually attend morning service.

But Charlie had decided upon opening the campaign by a meeting between his mother and the lady of his hopes.

However, Miss Brown was so frigid and reserved through the service, barely giving Charlie a cold bow as he passed out of the choir, that he had not the courage to bring his mother and present her, as he intended to do.

He lingered in the aisle of the church a few moments, and then decided to go back and ask her why she was so cold.

But when he went back she was gone.

There lay a little hymn book and a soft linen handkerchief on the rail just in front of her chair.

He knew the handkerchief was hers, he had noticed the pretty little embroidered edge.

No one was there to see, and he picked it up stealthily and hastily put it into his pocket.

Then he joined his mother and they rode home almost in silence.

Charlie went off to his room, but before he sought his couch he took out the little scrap of linen he had stolen from the chair that day, and pressed it to his lips.

Then he read the name in the corner of it.

It was written with indelible ink, in a pretty lady's hand, "Myrtle Brown."

So that was her name, and Tilly but a nickname.

"Myrtle! Myrtle!" what a pretty sound it had as he whispered it over, and suddenly he started up with a smothered exclamation.

His eyes flashed, his cheeks glowed.

Then he lay down on his bed and laughed, and held his sides with surpressed merriment

Surely Charlie Green must have gone crazy to act in such a manner.

It was nearly two hours before he was composed, and we doubt if he slept at all.

Early next morning he started for town, and as he left his mother, he turned and laughed.

"You are sure you would prefer green to brown, mother; you know brown is my favorite color?"

"No; I don't want brown, Charlie Be sure and get myrtle green, nothing else."

Mrs Robson wondered what possessed Charlie to wear his best cloths when he was only going to town.

But Charlie drove beyond town full ten miles, and finally drew reins before a low red brick house, and the very first person he saw was Tilly Brown, watering some vines that trailed over an arbor.

He tied his steed, leaped the low gate at a bound, and stood by her side.

"Tilly—Myrtle—Miss Brown," he began, "I have come to see you on important business. Can I see you alone?"

Tilly had thrown back her broad hat, and was looking up at him wonderingly.

"We are alone here," she said, "but perhaps you would rather sit down. Here is a rustic seat in the arbor."

No sooner were they seated than he caught both hands in his, and what he said to her I am not going to tell you.

But he was very eloquent, very earnest, and very successful evidently, for an hour later Myrtle Brown rode away by his side.

It was a little past the middle of the afternoon when Mrs. Robson saw him drive in at the gate, and help a graceful figure to alight.

"He has found me a girl," she thought, and in a moment more she had opened the door and admitted the graceful figure.

She had hardly removed her veil when Charlie entered and went forward to his mother and took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "I have executed your commands to the letter. Let me introduce my future wife, Myrtle Green!"

"Your future wife? Oh Charlie, you promised never to marry until I gave my consent."

"And, mother dear, you not only gave your consent to this, but you commanded me to bring home this very woman I have loved for months. Look! I have it here in my note-book. You said, bring home a girl to help you with the work, and that you wanted something for daily use, something that would wear, that was serviceable, and that it should be Myrtle Green."

Mrs Robson's dress is just in style, but though styles may change and fashion decree that the color be worn no more, nothing can ever dethrone Mrs Myrtle Green, Charlie's wife, from the affectionate regard of Mrs. Robson.

A Mexican, a short time since, tied his wife firmly to a board, leaned her thus helpless against a fence, took a position fifty feet away, and used her as a target for rifle practice He did not hit her, his object being to frighten her by embedding the bullets in the board close to her head and body. She fainted under the frightful ordeal.

THE Frank Siddalls Soap advertised in our columns, is being used in the house of the publisher of this paper, and is really what is claimed A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Our readers can depend upon every statement, and should put aside all prejudice and not let another week go by without giving it a trial.

DISENCHANTED.

BY HATTIE A. FIELD

I MET her while passing a summer at Saratoga. She, the woman I adored, I mean, was fair enough to plead my excuse for loving her. She had soft, fair hair, which she wore in the most glossy of braids wound round a small, exquisitely shaped head; she had black eyes, making a most bewitching contrast to the light hair; and a clear, pale complexion, black eyebrows and lashes completed the piquant contrast. She was neither tall nor short—just about the size that is the most tempting for the caresses of a tall man.

"Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, who joined our party this morning."

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of a saucy little brunette, with whom I had been carrying on a desperate flirtation for three weeks "What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and slender, we call her Lily."

Lily Stanley! it was a name to fall in love with. I only took one look, and my heart was gone. I don't know what she wore, but her fair face and slender throat rose above clouds of white lace. There were pearls here and there; and, altogether, if I had insanely fallen at her feet, I should have only acted out my sensations.

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I don't know. I recollect only that, five minutes later, we were gliding lazily through a slow, dreamy redowa, and I held a tiny, white-gloved hand in mine.

I was to have gone home the next day; but I could not do it Leave Saratoga! Leave the paradise that contained my angel! I could not endure the idea. My partner wrote the most appealing letters, threatening all sorts of horrors if I did not appear immediately in the counting-house; but I wrote savagely back that ruin was heaven compared to absence from—— And there I stopped, because the carriage waited for me to take my angel for a drive.

Dick pondered over the blank, but concluded I must be engaged in some speculation, and wrote warning letters accordingly.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stanley went to visit her aunt in the South—I found out that we both lived in New York, and I returned to the counting house and my disconsolate partner.

A month of separation fanned the flame the month of intercourse had lighted in my heart. The fair face was in all my dreams At the station, one lovely September morning, I saw a lady stepping into the train One glance at the fair face made my heart give a sudden bound. She was at home. I should see the sweet face smile that always greeted me, and again be in Elysium. Ah, me!

I called the following morning.

I rang the bell, gave my card to the girl who opened the door, and went into the drawing room. It was in a state of semi-darkness, and coming in from the glaring sunlight, I could at first see nothing.

"I say I won't!"

A shrill, harsh voice in the next room gave forth this sentence with angry vehemence.

A low, sweet voice answered, "Lily, my dear!"

"Your dear! I don't want to be coaxed!" answered the first voice. "I will go, and there is an end of it!"

"But you have been away all summer, and Jennie has not left home at all."

"Well, let her wait until I am married, and then she can rule here. I have set my heart on going to Aunt Margaret's, and I'm going!"

The folding doors were thrown violently back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa lay a pale, delicate looking lady, evidently an invalid; near her stood a tall, rather ugly girl, probably Jennie; but the most prominent figure stood in the opening she had made by throwing open the folding doors. A faded calico wrapper, torn out under both arms, fell in uneven folds to the floor; the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers; and the stockings were—were—well, the word will out—were dirty; dirty stockings on a lady—faugh! The light hair I had so much admired was gone, except a little knot at the back of her head; the glossy braids probably reposed upon her dressing case. She did not see me, as I sat in a dark corner, and crossing the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

"Confound the thing!" was her lady-like exclamation; and a vicious kick sent the stool spinning across the floor.

I rose.

"Good morning, Miss Stanley."

A scream, a dash for the door; darkness came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

I fell out of love as rapidly as I had fallen into it, and took my white suit and blasted hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted; vows that I am as thorough a business man as himself; and I have almost resolved to retain him as my only partner through life.

Sparkling and Useful.

GREEN INK.—To make a green ink, dissolve one of the analine greens in hot water to proper shade and add a few drops of clove oil.

WRINKLED SILK.—Wrinkled silk may be rendered nearly as beautiful as when new by sponging the under surface with a weak solution of gum-arabic or clear size; then iron it on the same side.

ARCHITECTURAL COTTON.—A new material for architectural purposes, said to be entirely fire-proof, is made from cotton. After being converted into a paste by chemical treatment, it is moulded into the desired form and allowed to dry, when it becomes as hard as stone.

STANDING TIMBER.—In buying standing timber; the length is taken as high as the tree is two feet in circumference; then at half this height the stem is measured for the mean girth. A quarter of this girth is assumed to be the side of the equivalent square area. Mostly the buyer has the option of girding any part below the half heighth of the measure. All branches are measured in so far up as the girth of the stem measures twenty-four-inch girth.

POMPEII.—Interesting new discoveries have been made at Pompeii. A house has been excavated which was in course of construction when the terrible catastrophe occurred and which differs materially from all other Pompeiian houses in its plan. In another house a large square of black glass was found fixed into the wall, which, when slightly moistened, forms the most perfect mirror In a third house various wall paintings were discovered, which, however, are of artistic rather than scientific interest.

NOVEL USE OF ICE.—According to the London *Times* a scientist of Geneva, well-known for his discoveries of the liquefaction of gases, has discovered a method of distilling alcohol by ice. For the distillation of 110 gallons of alcohol, a little less than a ton of ice will be required The cost of production will include only coal for working the steam engine which drives the air-pump and the sulphuric acid, the evaporation of which produces the ice. He declares that this will notably diminish the expense of distillation.

NON-WINDING WATCH.—A German has invented a watch which requires no winding. He has constructed the mechanism on the same principle as the pedometer. A weighted lever, pivoted at one end, is kept in position against the upper of two banking pins by a long curved spring of such strength that the motion of the body in sufficient to cause the levers to descend, at each step of the person carrying the watch, to the lower bank pin. There is a ratchet wheel with very fine teeth pivoted at the same centre as the weighted lever, and fixed to the lever is a pawl which engages with the wheel. This pawl is made so elastic that it takes up the strain produced when the main-spring is wound up. A train of gearing connects the ratchet wheel with the barrel arbor, and there is a pawl to prevent any tendency of the ratchet to reverse its action.

Farm and Garden.

WATERING THE HORSE.—If you water a horse just after feeding you wash the food out of his stomach. The best time is three-quarters of an hour before or one hour after feeding.

THE CUT WORM.—Two parts quicklime, three parts soot, and one part coarse refuse salts, used as a top-dressing, is said to be destruction to the cut-worm. Refuse salt alone at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre, in the fall, will destroy the worm.

MILK FEVER.—Very few cows recover from attacks of milk fever that calve in the open field exposed to the hot sun. When such a case occurs the cow should be supplied with all the cold water she will drink and immediately removed to the barn or some other shady place.

SUNSTROKE.—In sunstroke, bathe the head in cold water and foment the region of the stomach, liver, bowels and spine with flannels wrung out of hot water; then bathe all over in cool water; then dry and rub the entire surface, rubbing from the head downwards, to get the blood away from the head. But wearing a wet handkerchief in the handkerchief in the hat and often cooling the wrists in water, will usually avert an attack.

YOUNG PIGS.—When the pigs are two weeks old they should have a pen and trough adjoining that of the sow, so arranged that they may pass from one to the other at pleasure, and should be fed on milk at first, and as they grow older the food should be made more nourishing by scalding shipstuff allowing it to cool and feeding it with milk Care should be taken not to scorch the food. The milk should never be cooked, as it would be liable to cause scours.

CARE OF CARRIAGES.—A prominent maker says that a carriage should be kept in an air-tight place with a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colors will be destroyed. There should be no communication between the stables and the coach-house. The manure heap or pit should also be kept as far away as possible. Ammonia cracks varnish and causes the colors both of painting and lining to fade. A carriage should never, under any circumstances, be put away dirty.

TO PRESERVE BOUQUETS.—When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with cold water, then put in a vessel containing some soapsuds, which nourish the roots, and keep the flowers as good as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock first entering into the water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the flowers in the soapsuds, and they will bloom as fresh as when gathered.

HANGING FLOWER BASKETS.—There are various ways of making these pretty decorations for the home. A nice one is made by taking a wooden bowl of any suitable size, say from eight to twelve inches in diameter, and tacking on it suitably crooked branches or roots of trees—preferably the grape-vine—cut into suitable lengths, making the handles of smaller stems entwined together. The vine stems should have all the loose bark peeled off, but some portion of the closer or inner bark should be left on, so as to give a variety of color to the stems. Before putting on the stems the bowl should be stained or painted some shade of brown, and when all is finished it should be varnished over with copal varnish.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

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☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

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Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an extensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
732 Sansom St., Philada.

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"A LIFE'S MISTAKE."

A "Life's Mistake," begun in this issue of the POST, is commended to our readers as a story of exceptional interest and power. It is the narrative of a woman's love and folly, rich in absorbing incident, and told in most charming language. Its gifted authoress who stands among the foremost of the world's pen-workers to-day, never produced anything better either in plot or execution. We therefore present it to our friends, certain that their opinion as to its excellence will coincide with our own.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

THIS is a fatal word. There is no shortcoming in virtue or in acquirements, no positive transgression or failure, for which human nature does not easily make it serve as an excuse. In reality, it does excuse much; but this only enables us to make it an excuse for what it ought to have nothing to do with. The difficulty is in drawing the line beyond which it ought not to be held as a palliation.

The fallacy about circumstances is particularly apt to beset the young, who, hearing their elders so frequently applying it as a palliative to their wounded conscientiousness or self-love, very readily adopt the conclusion that "circumstances" is every thing, and that they can only thrive or preserve rectitude as this bugbear will let them.

We are, most undeniably, placed here amidst circumstances which may operate very powerfully upon us, and which are sometimes seen to overwhelm the good and great, notwithstanding the noblest resistance. But man is only invested with the power of operating upon circumstances. If the economy of the world had been arranged upon a different principle, there could not have been anything like merit or demerit. It is by a measure of the contendings of each man with the adverse circumstances of his own particular case, that we are to judge and be judged. In the mysterious economy of the world, the less happy lot may light upon any, and all must be prepared for it. We may be ultimately overpowered by circumstances, but our merit will be in precise proportion to the vigor we have shown in withstanding and reacting upon them.

To assure ourselves of these truths, we have only to reflect on what it is that we generally admire most in the deserving. We bestow the tribute of our hearts upon the fortitude they may have displayed in bearing up against unfavorable circumstances, and the vigor with which they may have crushed a way through them. It is all one whether the spectacle be presented in the higher or the lower walks of life. The poor man who patiently endures the sorrow and crosses of his lot, and, to use his own phrase, makes the best of his circumstances, is as noble a being as ever shone in the pages of history.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is no reflection on any man to earn a living by hardening his hands. In the Western States and territories it is an honor for a man to work. The graduates of Eastern colleges are sprinkled all through Colorado. The former president of a Kansas college drives a coal cart in Denver; a Yale alumnus and two years' professor at Cornell is a pastry cook in a mining town, while a dish-washer in the same hotel belongs to the bar of the Supreme Court of New York. A multitude of such examples might be cited.

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SOME expert neurologist has discovered that there is no substantial doubt that poetry is a neurosis, to be treated like all other maladies of the nervous system that involve paroxysms, with heroic doses of bromide of potash; that paroxysms of versification are but symptoms of a neurosis, allied, perhaps, to the neuralgic or epileptic neurosis, and matter for medical investigation, rather than things to be discussed as belonging to the healthy intellectual activity of the age. If the neurologists are correct in believing that the rhythmic neurosis is something to be studied as an aspect of nervous diseases, then a confirmed poet is a person to be commiserated, not admired; and a poem is something to be communicated to one's physician, not to be printed and circulated as evidence of extraordinary intellect.

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BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Vienna, has a favorite horse for whose accomodation he has had a special loose box built at the cost of $12,000. This magnificent room forms part of a new stable which cost $80,000, and which has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists; rings, chains, and drain traps of solid silver, and walls frescoed with splendid hunting scenes from the pencils of eminent animal painters. Fortunately, however, the Baron's annual income is a large fortune, being about $1,600,000.

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AMERICA has furnished John Bull with almost everything else; now is advertised in the London newspapers "The Yankee Rubber Baby." This is described as "a startling one shilling novelty." It goes in the waistcoat pocket; it is washable, durable, and unbreakable; it resembles life, it coos at pleasure, yet screams awfully when spanked. "Even the experienced fathers," says the announcement, "are deceived by these laughter-producing infants, and no home can be a happy one without their cheering presence. In long white dress, complete, 14 stamps; twins, postage free, 2 shillings."

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PARIS is in its most picturesque season. From the middle of April until July the weather is perfect as a general rule. There is none of our trying vicissitudes of sudden heat and oppressive swooning weather. The city is a forest of foliage. The flower markets three times a week fill the town with fragrance. Besides this, floral decoration is a passion inborn in the race. The balconies of the houses—and all houses in Paris have balconies—are embowered in blossoms. The windows of the shops bloom like parterres of a garden. On the most bustling thoroughfares the chestnuts, eucalyptus and maples are as thick as an English park. Before all restaurants and cafes there are portable forests of lilac, dogwood and myrtle, and as every third door is a restaurant or cafe the profusion can be imagined.

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OF late years the Chinese have made great strides in the manufacture of the material of war, and might have made more if the management of their arsenals had been entrusted entirely to Europeans, who now act as directors and foremen. We read that in one city there is a complete plant for the making of Remington rifles has been in work for some years, and vessels of considerable size, with their engines, are now built under the direction of French teachers. At Canton they make Gatling guns and so-called small arms, the latter being apparently intended to frighten the enemy by their size, for the rifles are from nine to seven feet long, and proportionately heavy. It speaks wonders for the physique of the Chinese soldiers if they can carry and use such weapons; but it must not be supposed that in the event of a war with Russia the latter Power will find it an easy task to conquer the Celestials.

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A NEW YORK correspondent says The æsthetic craze seems to be at its height. A single flower of large size is now worn on the waist of a lady's dress)not a bunch) because it is in agreement with some rule of high art. Another freak of fashion is to wear an embroidered butterfly on one sleeve of a dress. Jewelry seems to run in the form of snakes, lizards, and the claws of birds. A pretty girl wears a bonnet made of silvered silk, with leaves and flowers of silvery material fastened to one side with a silver turkey claw. What are called "theatre bonnets" are made entirely of flowers. One worn by a lady of fashion is composed of a purple pansy, one flower alone, the centre of the flower being on top of the head, the purple and yellow leaves drooping gracefully over her golden hair. But usually these bonnets are made of many flowers of a kind, say roses, violets and lilies of the valley, with a few green leaves, and are tied with long lace strings under the chin.

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THE women among the Russian Nihilists are mostly daughters of poor army officers or petty civil officers, or even of shopkeepers, who, feeling the influence of modern times, are anxious to rise above the level of their parents—coarse, ignorant people in the main. Either by their own talents or by the aid of influential patrons the girls gain scholarships and enter some high school, where their brains are crammed with a heterogeneous mass of knowledge. At 19 they leave, and in their turn become teachers. Finding their parents uncompanionable they abandon home for some wretched lodgings, and eke out a miserable existence by giving poorly-paid lessons. Food is scarce, the feminine pleasures of dress are impossible, the restraining power of family affection is absent, they grow hopeless and discontented, when some day they form socialistic acquaintances, rapidly adopt their ideas, and, having found an object for their life, with feminine rashness devote themselves to the cause, even to the very death.

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MARRIAGE is a serious matter, but that is no reason why marriages should be solemnized without some display of joy and even gayety. But there are some responsibilities connected with life, and when the appreciation of these are obscurved by the engendering of side issues, as it were, in the glare and tinsel of wedding magnificence, the rejoicing is overdone. The married person gets a false start, and the outcome is generally not favorable. But wedding extravagance is on the increase, and what with the increasing expensiveness of funerals, there is a prospect that he will eventually be a wealthy man who accumulates enough to pay for his daughters' weddings and his own funeral. Cremation may cure expensive burials, but where is the remedy for expensive weddings? It is a characteristic of our society that the controling feature of it is the young woman. In this country she has her own way, and generously assumes the entire responsibility of her own education. She fits herself for a station in a life which is nothing like the life which she is subsequently forced to encounter. It is her chief aspiration to begin it with a wedding, and she never confuses her intellect with the question, "After shooting Niagara, what?" It would cloud her happiness to peer beyond the wedding, and, having mastered that, she does her utmost to maintain a happy indifference afterwards. Before anything can be done to make weddings more inexpensive, some controling and molding force must be applied to this helplessly enterprising young woman.

HUMILITY.

BY M. T.

I know a little rose,
And my loving soul were blest
Could I but be the drop of dew
That lies upon her breast.

But I dare not look so high,
Nor die a death so sweet;
It is enough for me to be
The dust about her feet.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE" ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT blissful days they were to Allan and Lady Iris, and how swiftly they flew! When Lord Caledon saw how happy his daughter was, and knew that her happiness all sprang from love, he resolved that nothing should be wanting on his part.

"You seem to enjoy our beautiful scenery, Captain Osburn," he said. "Pray do not limit your stay; we shall be only too pleased if you will extend your visit." And Allan was nothing loath.

With his love his fears increased. When he saw Lady Iris at rare intervals, and did not know of the grandeur of Chandos, he did not think so much of the difference in their social position; but, now that he was in her home, now that he saw the almost regal splendor that surrounded her, his heart sank. He had not thought much of nobility, of high birth; but now he began to understand the pride of lineage, which had always been a dead-letter to him. Almost every hour some of the ancestral glories of her ancient race were brought before him. He saw the old gray walls, clad in ivy now, which had once been battered by shot; he saw the banners which had been proudly carried on many a battle-field, and the armor in which crusaders had fought. Let him raise his eyes where he would, they were sure to rest upon the lion and the lily, and the words that never wearied him—"Held with honor." To him all the glory of her race, all it grandeur, culminated in her. He associated all that was grand and noble with her.

How they call her proud? To him she was all that was most gentle. Hour after hour brought him nearer to her by love and removed him farther from her by fear, until love made him desperate. Nothing could have been more fortunate for him than to be under the same roof with her. Unlike many men, he was seen to the greatest advantage within doors. He was a delightful companion to live with; he was so courteous, so ready always to sacrifice his own comfort for that of others; he was ever cheerful, with blithe words and bright smiles. Children adored him; and it was a pretty sight to see the tall handsome soldier playing with the little ones who visited Chandos. Every woman and child who looked upon his dark handsome face was attracted by it, and trusted him by instinct. He united strength and courage with kindness and tenderness of heart. No wonder Lady Iris loved him!

His love preyed upon him; and he said to himself that he must tell her of it. He was doubtful what her answer would be. There were times when the sweet face softened when he was by her side; and then he felt hopeful. She must care for him, he thought, or she would never be so kind. Again, when he saw her surrounded by admirers, and looking a veritable queen of beauty and grace, his heart sank. What and who was he that he should hope to win this fair loveliness for himself?

The time was coming when he must tell her and know his fate. If she refused him—sent him away—his heart would be broken; but he would not end his life with a coward's cry. He would never hate her for what she did—never cease to love her; but he would go abroad, where his sword might be of some service.

But perhaps his fate might be quite different—she might care for him. However, he could not bear the suspense—he must know his fate. He wondered how he had borne the suspense so long. Every nerve thrilled with impatience, his hands trembled, and his face quivered.

"I must find her and hear her decision," he said. "I cannot wait any longer."

But she was not to be found. Lady Iris had caught a glimpse of the eyes of her lover, and had seen the love in them; and she shrank from him like a frightened bird, trembling when the sound of his voice fell upon her ear. She had been wooed by some of the noblest in the land, and had listened with such supreme calmness that it had often been mistaken for pride; her eyes had never drooped before the gaze of any lover; why should she tremble now at the thought of meeting Allan's?

Only yesterday he had passed her a book, and in giving it to her their eyes had met. From the mere touch of his hand a passionate thrill had gone to her heart; her hand had trembled, and the book had fallen. She had hastened away, she dared not remain, lest her face would reveal the secret that she was trying to hide. Then indeed had she marveled what had come over her.

Now in his face and in his eyes she had read that he was determined to woo her and win her. She knew his power over her; she felt that, struggle as she might, her fate was sealed. She loved him with a deep earnest love. She would not admit to herself that if she married him she would be marrying beneath her. He was a gentleman, and that was enough for her.

She was frightened at her own happiness. She knew that she would almost give her life for words of love and tenderness from him; and yet, when the time had come that she should listen to them, she was frightened.

Allan found it impossible to see her alone. Whenever he sought her, some of the ladies of the party were with her. She who had been so animated and so witty, who had enjoyed talking to him and had amused him with her delicate satire and gay repartee, now never even looked at him when she spoke to him. She seemed to think that if their eyes once met it would be "all over with her." He bore it as patiently as he could for a few days, fretting and fuming, but utterly unable to help himself; he could find no opportunity to speak to her, and she would give him none.

One morning the whole party stood on the steps that led to the terrace. They were going out riding and driving. Lady Iris moved away from the others for a few moments, evidently off her guard, and Allan's heart gave a great bound of delight as he noticed it. He went straight up to her and took her hand.

"Lady Iris," he said, "why do you shun me? What have I done? Why will you not speak to me?"

"I do speak to you," she replied hastily.

"Why will you not look at me? How many days is it since I have seen even the color of your beautiful eyes?"

She tried to raise them to his; but her face flushed hotly, and she turned from him, fearing that if he saw it, it would make matters worse.

He could say no more, for at that moment the groom came up with her horse; but he was only the more resolved to know his fate. What did it mean, that sudden vivid flush, that coy closing of the white eyelids over the expressive eyes?

He tried to speak to her while they were out riding, but without success. He tried again when they returned to Chandos, during the interval that they found the most pleasant in the day—five o'clock tea. He stood behind her chair, and helped her to hand round the dainty cups. He rendered her many little services, and she was grateful for them. She replied to all his remarks, and chatted with him; but she kept Laura Seymour by her side the whole time, and never once did her eyes meet his.

After tea, he went out and procured an iris.

"She will remember what she told me about the iris," he said. "She will remember it meaning, 'I have a message for you,' and she will come when I send it."

But she did not. She took it, knowing what it meant, that he had a message for her, one that she was longing to hear, but she was afraid to join him because of her great love.

"Who will ever understand women?" he said to himself, for she came down to dinner in a beautiful dress of rich white silk, with a suit of opals that a queen might envy, and—wonder of wonders!—with an iris in her bodice. What did this mean? She had accepted his token she would not hear his message, yet she wore his flower. Could anything be more intelligible?

"I wish I was not so senseless," he said to himself. "Any other man would know whether this is a good sign or not, and I know nothing. If she did not care for me, she would not wear the flower—at least I should think not; but, if she did care for me, she would have seen me after my message."

And she, seeing her lover's face clouded over and sad, after doing all she could to bring clouds there, began to consider how she could best disperse them. What could she do that would make him happier?

The guests had returned to the drawroom, which was brilliantly lighted. Every one seemed happy and busily engaged. Some were occupied with music, chess, and cards, others were flirting and conversing, while a few had wandered into the grounds.

"What can I do?" Lady Iris wondered. Captain Osburn was sitting alone, apparently looking over a book full of engravings, but she saw that he never turned a page, and that his dark handsome face was sadder than she had ever seen it before. As mistress of the house, she could not allow any guest to sit alone and look unhappy—that would indeed show a lack of courtesy and hospitality. She would see if she could rouse him.

A shadow fell over his book and he raised his eyes. She stood before him in all the pride of her fresh young beauty, looking in her white silk and trailing laces so fair that it was no wonder he sighed.

"Captain Osburn," she said, "I want you to do me a favor; will you?"

"You have but to speak, Lady Iris; my pleasure will be to obey."

"I heard Lady Avice say the other evening that you had a very fine tenor voice. Is it true?"

"So people tell me, Lady Iris," he replied.

"Why did you not inform me?" she asked.

"I did not think of it—that was one reason; and another is——"

"Is what?" she asked with a smile, finding that he paused.

"Why, I always think I ought to have a bass voice. Here am I, six feet high and powerfully built, with a voice that seems rather effeminate, so I seldom sing."

"I do not like bass voices," said Lady Iris—"at least, not in songs; they seem to me far too heavy. I like them in oratorios, but not in songs."

"That reconciles me to my fate," he replied.

"I want you to sing for me, Captain Osburn," she continued.

"I am afraid I shall not please you, but I will obey. I do not know any song that you will care for, but I will sing one, every word of which, mind, shall be for you."

Captain Osburn went to the piano, and in a few moments the whole room was hushed.

The voice of which he had spoken of so contemptuously was a magnificent rich tenor, one which had been well cultivated and was full of music. People looked with admiration at the man who was so unconscious of a great gift. He sang the English ballad "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye," with passionate sweetness and sadness.

His eyes and Lady Iris's met as he sang the words—

"I cannot leave thee though I said
That we should bid farewell—good-bye, sweetheart—good-bye."

and a sudden sharp pain went through her heart. What if he meant them? He sung them to her with design. What if he were really going? The thought of it made her grow pale and her eyes lose their light. If he went, what would go with him? She knew—none better; her life might as well end at once. "Good-bye," rang out the beautiful voice—"good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

Their eyes met again, and this time in his there was a gleam of triumph. He saw that he had touched her; and now his victory seemed more sure. She came a step nearer to him.

"How cruel not to let us know that you had such a fine voice, Captain Osburn!" she said. "For punishment you must sing again and again."

"I will sing whenever you wish," he answered, "if it will give you pleasure. Will you do something for me in return?"

"I must say 'Yes,' I suppose; it is only fair," she said. "But that is taking advantage of my good nature, Captain Osborn."

"Nay, the favor I ask is very small. I want you to give me five minutes tonight. I could not wait until another sunrise; will you promise?"

She trembled so that she could hardly speak. She was afraid that her voice would fail her.

"I do not understand you," he continued. "You are so kind, yet so cruel. You almost break my heart by refusing to hear my message, and yet you wear the flower I send you. How am I to understand your conduct?"

"I do not know," she replied; "but I think I should understand it if I were in your place."

"Ah, you are far more clever than I! I do not understand it. Sometimes I am in Paradise, and again I am in despair. Will you give me five minutes tonight? Why are you so cruel, Lady Iris? If the Rector there, Doctor Seymour, asked you for five minutes, you would give him you sweetest smile and say to him, 'With the greatest pleasure.' You seem to find happiness in torturing me."

"Do I? You look far too big and strong to be tortured by a woman."

"You have not answered my question, Lady Iris, and my patience is so nearly worn out that I am afraid I shall very soon say all I have to say, to the utter confusion of the whole room."

"No, you will not do that, Captain Osburn," she laughed. "You want to speak to me, you say, for five minutes. I give you full permission to do so the first time you find me alone. I am at your service for the time you name, but not a moment longer."

"We shall see," he murmured.

He waited for his opportunity. He watched her closely, and whenever she saw him her face flushed even as she smiled. At length the opportunity came. It was toward the end of the evening, when the room was growing warm and the moon was shining very bright. Laura Seymour had gone out with Lady Iris to see her favorite spot, the lime-grove, by moonlight, and then meeting the very gentleman with whom she was getting up a flirtation, she left Lady Iris under the limes alone.

"If Allan only knew!" she thought, with a smile, a blush and a sigh; and before the smile had faded he stood before her.

"I have watched you closely," he cried, "and this is the first chance I have had of seeing you alone. You must be kind to me and listen to me with patience, for I am a desperate man. I have risked all on one great stake, and if I lose it I shall not care to live. Will you come with me to the lake side? I have something to say which even the lime trees may not hear."

She was conquered now. The very force of his will seemed to compel her to

follow him. The night wind whispered faintly, the waters on the lake were hushed and still. It was perhaps one of the fairest pictures the stars had ever shone down upon—the dark handsome soldier, his face lighted with love, and the fair queenly woman by his side.

They reached the lake; they could hear the music in the drawing-room, and at times the sweet silver ripple of a woman's laughter or a snatch of a song. By the lake-side stood a marble statue—a faun pouring water from an urn—and near it a garden chair had been placed.

"Sit down here," he said; and without a word she obeyed him.

How still the waters of the lake were, with the white lilies sleeping on its bosom and great tree-boughs overhanging it! She gave a struggle of mingled pleasure and pain; for the happiest hour of her life had come, of the joy and bliss of which she had had such sweet forebodings. The moment in which her life was to undergo a change had arrived; for he whom she loved with her whole heart was kneeling by her side and telling her his love story with passionate words—how he loved her, how he would give his life for her; how unworthy he was of her, but always with the same refrain, that he loved her as no woman had ever been loved.

As his words gained in force and eloquence, her coyness and shyness died away. She was face to face with her own heart, and she knew that she loved him with her whole soul. Everything in that hour was lost to her, except the fact that she loved him. He drew her fair head upon his breast, and she lay there as happy as a child who has found its true resting-place.

"My love," he murmured, "you will be my wife?"

And she, the proud beautiful Lady Iris, put her arms round his neck, and in a faint whisper answered—

"Yes."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HE had won her, and his heart was full of joy and gratitude. What had he done that this, the best and sweetest gift in the whole world, should be his? It seemed to him that he should never come to the end of all that he had to tell her—of how he had loved her at first sight, of all his fears and doubts. They never remembered how time passed while they sat by the silvery lake. To both of them the after years brought their mingled burden of pain and pleasure; but life never again gave to them an hour so completely happy as this.

"I am sure it is growing late," said Lady Iris at last. "Why, the moon has sailed round to the beech-trees—look! And I hear no music! Oh, Captain Osburn, is it late?"

"My beautiful darling, do you think I can bear that formal address? Say 'Allan' and I will answer you."

"Allan," she whispered, and then he kissed her hand passionately. "Allan, is it late, do you think?"

"No; I hear laughter and voices," he replied.

"But we must go," she said.

"We will go when you have said something I want to hear, my darling. I find it difficult to realize my happiness; I want to hear from you again that it is true. Tell me."

She stood before him with the moonlight on her beautiful face and fair hair; she looked so sweet that he was dazed by her appearance. His face flushed, his voice was low and hoarse with emotion as he said—

"Tell me you love me."

She laid her hands upon his breast and looked up into the dark handsome face.

"I love you, Allan, with all my heart."

"Now you must say this—'I promise to be your wife, to love you and you only all my life, to be true to you always.'"

She repeated the words after him, and then added—

"I promise you even more than this, that my love shall always be held with honor.'"

"You must give me of your own free will one kiss more as a seal of fidelity and love."

"Until death," she murmured, as she put her lips to his—"until death, Allan!"—and then they left the lake-side.

It was well for Lady Iris that she had not to meet any keen eyes; she looked so unutterably happy. When the Earl saw her he was startled for a moment.

"It had to come some day," he said to himself; "and she has chosen one of the noblest and finest young fellows in England. He will speak to me, I suppose, to-morrow. Heaven bless my darling, and send her better luck than ever fell to my lot!"

When his daughter remained as usual after the others for her good-night kiss he said to her—

"You look very happy, Iris, my darling."

"Papa," she answered softly, "I believe—thank Heaven for it!—that I am the very happiest girl in the world," and the words filled his heart with even greater love for her.

Then she left him and went to her room. Dismissing her maid, she knelt down by the window and wept tears of unrestrained emotion. The fair head was bent in lowly gratitude. How good Heaven has been to her! She had every good gift that could be given to a human being; and all was crowned now by the love of one of the noblest men.

Presently she stood up, and, kissing the hand on which Allan's kisses had been impressed, laid her head on the pillow, one of the happiest women on whom the moon shone that night.

At noon on the following day Allan was in the library with the Earl, telling, in his own frank manly fashion the story of his love

"I do not conceal from myself, Lord Caledon," he said, "that I am inferior in most things to your daughter—in birth, rank, and position; but I love her so dearly and so well that I cannot help hoping that my love may bridge over the differences in our positions and place us side by side."

"I am not in the least surprised at what you tell me," replied the Earl. "From the first I saw that you and my daughter were attracted to each other. Let me add that her choice pleases me greatly, let me welcome you into our house and family," and Lord Caledon shook hands with the young man. "We will leave all details for the present," he went on. "Of course you know in marrying my daughter, who is the only living descendent of the Faynes of Caledon, there will be a great deal to arrange Your love dream is new to you, be happy in it for a few days; and when our visitors have left us we will discuss the matter."

"Do you mean, my lord," asked Allan, "that you would like our engagement kept secret for a short time? I am sure my love for Iris would shine out of my eyes and reveal itself in my voice. I do not think I could hide it from any person present."

"Nor do I," laughed the Earl. "You would fail, I believe, if you tried. No; I have no wish that there should be the least secrecy about it The sooner it is known the better."

And in some strange fashion it was known almost at once. The news spread quickly, and every one took credit to himself or herself for having been acquainted with it for some time, every one was pleased as a matter of course, although some little surprise was expressed. Some would persist in saying that they thought Lady Iris would have looked higher. Congratulation poured in from all sides. It mattered little to the happy lovers who praised or who blamed. They lived in a world of their own, and the atmosphere of it was all love. All criticism was lost upon them; they cared only for each other.

John Bardon and Lady Avice were among the first who called to offer their congratulations. Lady Avice was a little more gracious than usual; yet there was something in her manner that Lady Iris could not quite understand. She pressed her lips for one moment to the fresh and beautiful face of Lord Caledon's daughter.

"You have shown more sense than half the girls in England would have shown," she said. "You are noble enough to appreciate true merit in whatever guise you may find it."

The words had a strange sound, but Lady Iris answered—

"I have found it in very pleasant guise. Do you not think so?"

But Lady Avice made no reply. She had said all that she deemed was necessary.

"I need not ask," said John Bardon to Allan, "if the news is true. Your face tells me that you are a happy man, Osburn. You have now a love for which many a man would have given his life."

"That I believe, and I am—I thank Heaven for it—a very happy and fortunate fellow," the young soldier responded; and he held out his hand to John Bardon, who shuddered as he touched it. "I have to thank you for much of my happiness, John," continued Allan. "But for your friendship and for the kind manner in which you invited me down here, I should never have known Lady Iris. I shall never forget what I owe to you."

"You will owe me more by-and-by," said John Bardon to himself with a groan, and then aloud—"I must go and congratulate Lady Iris."

"John does not seem quite like himself," thought Allan. "That stately wife of his has just the touch of the shrew about her, and John knows it."

On the western terrace he did indeed look unlike himself as he overtook Lady Iris, who was walking with some of her visitors there. She saw that he wanted to speak to her, and she good naturedly lingered until he joined her. In a blind and confused way he saw an exquisite face shaded by a broad hat, and a tall beautiful figure with floating blue draperies.

Lady Iris held out her hand to him, and the happiness that shone in her eyes seemed to strike him dumb with passionate pain. His face grew white, and the hand that touched hers trembled so that she felt it.

"I have to offer you my congratulations, Lady Iris," he said in a hoarse voice.

"I thank you, Mr. Bardon," she replied, smiling up at him. "I knew you would be pleased, for you are one of Captain Osburn's best friends."

"I hope so." But he fell back as though the words had struck him like a blow.

"I shall always remember that I owe much to you," she said "It was through you, indirectly, that I met Captain Osburn first. I—I sometimes think that in the past I was a little proud, a little harsh to you, Mr. Bardon. One sees things so much more clearly in the light of a great love. Love comes direct from Heaven, I believe."

He answered her by a moan of pain, which she did not notice.

"I am so happy," she said, "that I cannot help wishing every one else was the same. I cannot help feeling kindly toward every one. If I have been proud or hard, you will forgive me now, will you not, Mr. Bardon?" and she again held out her hand to him.

He hardly dared trust himself to touch it or look into her smiling face. His pain and his passion were so great that he could have struck her dead in the pride of her grace and loveliness.

"I am glad you are happy," he said at last. "I have nothing to forgive. You will know more of that later on. Has Captain Osburn told you the romance I spoke of?"

"No," she replied, "not yet."

"Ask him to do so; and when you hear it remember it was I who planned, after listening to it, to bring you together, knowing how well such a romance would suit you."

"I will remember," she answered with a happy smile. "Heaven bless you for all the happiness you have helped to give me!"

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY IRIS FAYNE and John Bardon conversed yet a little longer on the terrace at Chandos. The strangeness of his manner at last struck the heiress, and looking earnestly at him, she said—

"You do not seem well this morning, Mr. Bardon."

But he would not meet the clear kindly eyes.

"I am well enough," he replied brusquely. "I wish I were not one half so strong. I shall live on while happier men die."

"You are low-spirited," she remarked. "Why should a man like you, blessed with everything worth having in life, be troubled with such doleful thoughts? One smile from your little son should drive dull care away."

"You are right," was the answer. "Blessed with such a child, I ought not to know care. Good morning, Lady Iris."

When he left her, he did as he had done before—placed something in her hand quickly, before she had time to refuse it. He was almost out of sight before she discovered that it was a crushed and withered almond blossom. At first she was inclined to laugh; then a strange disturbing feeling came over her. What did he mean by so persistently acting in this manner? She remembered that on the night when she had been so cruel and hard to him she had sat under an almond tree, and he had gathered some of the blossoms; but surely John Bardon, with a wife and child of his own, had forgotten that disagreeable incident? Besides, to-day, in the fulness of her content, she had asked him to forgive her if she had offended him in the past. What did he mean by always thursting dead almond-blossoms into her hand? She knew no more of the seething passion, pain, and revenge that filled his heart than did his own little son.

For the second time she flung the blossom away and forgot it, but she remembered his inquiry. Had she asked Captain Osburn about the romance he had mentioned? No, she had not. Allan would tell her all about it, of course—there would never be any concealment between them—and the romance, let it be what it would, must be something in Allan's favor. No doubt it was another instance of his generosity. He had never mentioned it to her; but then he knew that she was modest and reticent—that he never said anything that could rebound to his own credit.

She would have to ask Allan what it was; and it would be a reason she thought, for loving him, if it were possible, a little more. She would not ask him just yet, in those first few happy days—days that were stolen from the hard realities of life, and that were so long, so bright, so unutterably happy. She cared to speak of nothing but her love, and she did not wish to disturb it.

One lovely afternoon Lady Iris and Allan wandered through the park and came to the yellow corn-fields. They paused at the gate that gave access the fields, and stood looking at the ripe wheat, which in the sunlight looked like waving gold.

Allan took her hands in his.

"I enjoy all this beautiful home scenery," he said. "I have often thought, darling, how much I shall have to give up if our regiment should be ordered abroad."

"But, Allan, you must leave your regiment when—when we are married. Your place will be at home here at Chandos. You would give up the service for me, would you not?"

"My dear," he answered slowly, "I do not think I could live out of the Army. I prefer a camp to a drawing-room."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In life you can "go as you please," but you will be happier if you strive to please as you go.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

In the hands of a Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash-day, and make Clothes sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman dont get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times, The Norristown Herald, The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, ***and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!***

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. **Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing*!—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece out by on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap, and *dont wash the pieces two seconds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

Next comes the rinsing. Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap; *and all the dirt, suds are out* (a very smart house keeper will know just how to do it in a minute). **Next comes the water** (use scarcely any bluing). Stir a piece of Soap in the rinse water until the water is evenly soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue water and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece. The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night*; it makes them harder to wash, and is not a clean way. *Dont try on part of the wash*; try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Lye.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other substance to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.

If you have an *Ingrowing Toe Nail, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum*, or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, try Frank Siddalls Soap. If *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh.

It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing like ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the House! It has the same valuable property of Softening Freely in Hard Water, and *does not* require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Powder whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap *only requires about one fourth* of the water that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper (for it can be made to go further) for all common uses. You get three times the quantity of Suds through a large wash when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia

Our Young Folks.

DAN'S DILEMMA.

BY JAMES GRANT.

THERE are few pleasanter places for a summer holiday than the hills, or highlands, that border the Hudson river; and so thought little Dan Merritt, who used always to begin counting the days when the time drew near for the family to move out of New York city into the country.

A snug little family it was, consisting of Dan himself, his father and mother, and his sister Kate, a plump little eight-year-old, with long flaxen curls, and cheeks so round and rosy that Dan almost believed what a joke loving friend of his father had once said about having seen a sparrow try to peck one of them, mistaking it for an apple.

The cottage where they lived in summer seemed just made on purpose for the children.

It stood half-way up a steep hillside, in a cosy little hollow that quite sheltered it from the cold north wind.

Just above the house, the ground was steep and rocky, rising into a series of miniature precipices ten or twelve feet high.

Among these Dan was never tired of climbing, pop gun in hand, in imitation of the hunters about whom he used to read in the long winter evenings at home.

But if Dan was fond of climbing there was another member of the household that was quite a match for him there.

This was a little kid, which had been given to Kate on her last birthday with a collar marked with the name of "Kitty."

In all the neighborhood there was just one place where Dan was not allowed to go; and this, of course, was the very place that tempted him most.

Just at the back of the house, the ground fell steeply away for thirty feet or so down to a kind of ledge about a yard broad, below which lay a precipice of seventy feet more, and Dan was strictly forbidden to climb over the garden fence upon any consideration.

More than once he had looked longingly through at the formidable descent below, for such a feat seemed to him quite worthy of the chamois-hunters who were his favorite heroes.

One unfortunate afternoon, our hero, while lying upon the smooth, warm turf of the garden, was startled from his dreams by hearing Kitty bleating somewhere, and that, too, not in her usual brisk, merry way, but shrill and scared like, as if there were something wrong.

And so in fact there was; for when Dan followed the sound, he saw Kitty thirty feet below him, crouching upon the ledge that overhung the precipice!

"Father said I mustn't go down there," mused Dan, "but I've heard him say one should always help anybody that's in trouble, and if he treasures me for it, better that I should be thrashed than Kitty be killed. So here I go!"

In a moment he was over the palisade, and scrambling as best he might down the steep, slippery incline beyond, digging his heels into the turf, and clinging to bits of stone or tufts of grass.

Suddenly his foot slipped, and away he fell!

Poor Dan shut his eyes, thinking all was over with him; but a tremendous jerk made him open them again, to find himself safe on the ledge, with his heels jammed against a projecting knob of rock which had just saved him from going over.

Having managed to get down, Dan now began to think about getting up again.

Our hero found that instead of getting Kitty out of a scrape he had got himself into one, and his only resource was to cry for help with all his might.

His cry was speedily answered by a shout from above, and he saw, looking down at him over the fence, the wondering face of his father, and beside it the broad black visage of old Sam, the negro servant, with eyes as round as saucers.

"Playing Robinson Crusoe, eh, my boy?" said Mr Merritt, cheerily, for he was wise enough not to frighten the boy in any way. "Well, I suppose we must help you. Sam, fetch a rope."

The rope was brought, noosed, and lot down to Dan.

Our hero nimbly slipped the noose under his armpits, taking a firm hold of Kitty, was soon safe at the top again, kid and all.

"And now, Dan," asked Mr Merritt, "mightn't you just as well have called for help at first? Sam and I would have been with you in a moment, and we could have got Kitty without your risking your neck at all."

"So I might," said Dan, hanging his head; "but I was so afraid of Kitty falling down there, I couldn't think of anything."

"Well, well, my boy," said his father, laughing, "I'm not going to scold you this time, for you've done a very brave thing, but remember that more bravery, without common sense to direct it well, often do more harm than good. Never lor get that."

And Dan never did.

THE BOASTFUL TOAD.

BY A. C. G.

A TOAD who thought a great deal of himself was sitting on the bank of a stream.

He had puffed himself out to twice his ordinary size, and had widened his mouth until it looked quite formidable.

His eyes seemed to be starting out of his head, so greatly had he strained them in his efforts to make himself as big as possible.

Having made the most of himself that he could, he gazed into the water, and was delighted with the image of himself that he beheld.

He had not imagined that he could be so imposing, and in a congratulatory tone he thus addressed himself:—

"Ah! what a fine fellow I am! what a lovely skin! what a graceful figure! what eyes! what nimble legs! Was there ever creature so endowed! I can jump and leap! and then my voice—oh, what a voice it is! —it may be heard far and near. Yes, natural gifts have been lavishly showered upon me, and the world ought greatly to appreciate so wonderful an animal! I am above all other creatures—birds, beasts, and fishes, I am, I think, even superior to man. I should like to hear any one dispute what I say, for only look at my size—that must convince them!"

A little fish, who was swimming close by, heard the boastful toad's remarks, and, popping his head above the water, said:

"Well, you may have an opportunity of showing your superiority if you choose, for a party of schoolboys are coming down to bathe, and are quite certain to notice you."

"Schoolboys, did you say?" said the toad, shrinking at once to his natural size; "then I shall be off at once, since they are much too impertinent for me to converse with. They are too young to understand my arguments; it is with men alone that I wish to deal."

So saying, the toad turned round, and croaking loudly, and leaping along with all its might, was speedily out of sight, and in hiding.

"Ah!" said the little fish, when he found himself alone, "this is always the way with boasters, they say great things when no one is by to contradict them; but let anyone who can put their boasting to flight draw near, and they are only too glad to escape from an encounter."

MARKING A CONTINENT.—The boundary line between the United States and British America is marked by stone cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber posts. A stone cairn is 7½ feet by 8 feet, an earth mound 7 feet by 14 feet, an iron pillar 8 feet high, 8 inches square at the bottom and 4 inches at the top, timber posts 5 feet high and 8 inches square. There are 382 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. That portion of the boundary which lies east and west of the Red River Valley is marked by cast iron pillars at even more intervals. The British place one every two miles, and the United States one between each British post. They are hollow iron castings, three eighths of an inch in thickness, in the form of a truncated pyramid, eight feet high, eight inches square at the bottom and four inches at the top, as before stated. They have at the top a solid pyramidal cap, and at the bottom an octagonal flange one inch in thickness. Upon the opposite faces are cast in letters two inches high the inscriptions, "Conventions of London" and "October 20 1818." The inscriptions begin about four feet six inches from the base and read upward. The interiors of the hollow posts are filled with well seasoned cedar posts, sawed to fit, and securely spiked through square holes cast in the pillars for the purpose. The average weight of each pillar, when completed, is eighty-five pounds. The pillars are all set four feet in the ground, with their inscription faces to the north and south, and the earth is well settled and stamped about them. For the wooden posts well seasoned logs are selected, and the portion above the ground painted red to prevent swelling and shrinking. These posts do very well, but as the Indians cut them down for fuel nothing but iron will last very long. Where the line crosses lakes monuments of stones have been built, the bases being in some places eighteen feet under water and the tops projecting eight feet above the sand surface at high water mark. In forests the line marked by felling the timber a rod wide and clearing the undershrub.

A FATAL HABIT.—Irresolution is a fatal habit. It is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicure, and the drunkard, are among the victims. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through peril and danger, trials and temptation! Avoid the first action of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

M. S.

THE LATER LOVE.

BY [illegible]

ISIDORE had sent her maid from the dressing-room, and had laughingly forbidden her three bride maids to disturb her for at least fifteen minutes, and had send a message by Zilla Bay to Sydney Valence that she would be ready to go down in just twenty minutes.

Three or four hours ago there had been handed her by a servant a letter, and until now she had had no opportunity to open it, and all those hours her heart had been throbbing with painful excitement.

For the letter was from Vane Charteris, to whom for a year she had been engaged, the only man she had ever known, or ever seen whom she loved.

She had worshiped him with all the entirety of her heart and will, but they had quarreled and parted.

And the breach widened and deepened and now—

It was the wedding day of Isidore Fletcher and Sydney Valence and Vane Charteris had never seen, spoken or written to the woman he had loved in all those months until this fateful day.

Isidore's hands were cold as marble as she opened the envelope, addressed in the familiar hand she had thrilled so to see.

What was in the letter?

And yet what difference did it make to her what was in it?

Then, with a little desperately defiant look and gesture, she opened the folded sheet to read—

"Although you will doubtless be surprised, still I presume to hope you will not, for that reason refuse to accept the very sincere congratulations I offer you—congratulations that you marry where your affections are so surely placed; congratulations that your betrothed husband is so exceedingly fortunate as to have now for his bride one so wholly free from even the suspicions of a former interest."

Then as if the strain of the cold sarcasm had suddenly ceased and his other nature asserted itself he went on, abruptly—

"Isidore, Heaven forgive you for this, for you have ruined all my hope and faith in woman. For you there seems no punishment but for me—the woman does not live who could teach me to forget that once I loved you.

"VANE CHARTERIS."

That was the letter Isidore Fletcher read and thrust in the pocket of her wedding dress, and then opened the door to the grave fine-looking gentlemen who rapped even before the dull misery of woe had vanished from her eyes.

Somehow she called up the ghost of a smile as Mr Valence stepped inside a second.

"All things are in readiness, my darling. And I have come for just one last assurance that you have nothing to regret. Isidore, look up in my eyes just this once more."

And at sound of his wondrously tender voice his grand noble face, his dark grave eyes so full of passionate love, Isidore turned eagerly toward him, as if realizing what a safe harbor of retreat his love for her was.

"Oh Mr. Valence, would not any woman be glad or proud to be your wife?"

A faint shade of disappointment went over his face as he stood looking at her.

"But, dear, you have not said you love me."

And in a ravishingly sweet little impulse she lifted her lips to his.

"Sydney, will that satisfy you?"

And they went down to be made man and wife.

* * * * *

All around mourning, death, fear and despair, horror and panic, and in the adjoining room to which lay a dead man, handsome, intellectual-faced, and of perfect physique, a woman, dying, called a French nurse to her bedside.

"Take my darling as soon as I am gone, take her away, Pauline, and never let her loose this paper; you understand?"

The beseeching entreaty was in French, and the hot unclasped hands clung convulsively to the devoted woman's.

"Be good to her. Oh Heaven keep my darling, my little orphan child! Into Thy hands, my Lord, I give her. My baby, my precious baby!"

Twelve hours afterwards a resolute faced, pitiful eyed French woman led the child to the station, solitary, utterly alone, knowing no word of English not even the name of her employers but in the liquid mother-tongue in which she always spoke.

Two waifs on the wide hatred sea of Fate!

* * * * *

Mrs. St. Clement's parlors were filling fast.

Vane Charteris standing at the foot of the grand staircase with a group of men, was watching a slender sweet faced girl, in a dress of foamy white lace with dashes of pale pink here and there.

It was not the first time, nor the second, nor the dozenth, that he had stood covertly looking at her lovely, starry eyes. It had been with him as he had bitterly thought time and again, it never would be again since the days when Isidor Fletcher had wrecked all his hopes and turned all his faith in woman into distrust and almost contempt.

Naturally the years had worn the edge off the sharp grief he had carried night and day for many a long weary while, and now nineteen years later, Vane Charteris, was a dignified man of forty five.

Six months ago Vane Charteris would have laughed at the idea of his thinking twice of any one woman—to night, standing watching her exquisite face, he was wondering what his life would be worth to him if she should prove to be as cruel as another fair one once was.

He was almost sure she cared for him and he—well, his passion for Isidore Fletcher had been like the flicker of the rushlight before the beams of the midsummer day's sun compared with this love that had conquered him against himself—this man who had said to Sydney Valence's bride a score of years before, that the woman did not live who could teach him to forget he once loved her.

The dance was over at last, and Charteris had some little difficulty in securing Miss Wymond to himself, but he did secure her, and carried her off to a quiet, little secluded nook in Mrs St. Clement's conservatory, where flowers bloomed and ferns waved and fountains sent up the shining spray in the soft sweet dusk.

And then he told her he loved her.

And she, lifted her glorious eyes to his passionate face and looked gravely, tenderly in them, her own face flushing softly.

"On Mr. Charteris, I believe I have loved you from the very first—I believe I loved you before even I ever saw you."

"Before you ever saw me, dearest? Surely not from hearsay?"

"Not from hearsay, for I was too little to hear mamma speak of you; but she left your portrait to me—her dearest, best friend she said—see."

And from a velvet ribbon on her fair neck she took a diamond encrusted locket that contained a portrait of himself he had given twenty or more years before to Isidore Fletcher.

"Stella child, is it possible?"

His face paled, then all the radiant, passionful glory came back to it again.

"You are Isidore's daughter—the child of the woman I loved, but not as I love you, Stella. I take you a gift from her—will you come to me darling?"

Later she showed him the letter he had written to her mother on her wedding day, in which he solemnly declared the woman did not live whom he could love—the letter Mrs Valence treasured as a sacred, sorrowful reminder of her early love, and which when dying of a raging epidemic a day after her husband had died, she intrusted with the diamond locket to the faithful Pauline as her daughter's sole legacy.

And Pauline had been faithful.

She had cared for the bright, beautiful child, until a wealthy childless lady had adopted her thousands of miles from her native place, and where, Fate-ordered and Fate led Vane Charteris found her.

And both their lives were glorified with love.

STAIN BY WAR.—It has been computed from the very best calculations that can be made, that about fourteen thousand million of human beings have perished in war since the world began. Now, how long would it take a man, counting night and day, at this rate, to number the slain in war? He would count 180 in a minute, 10 800 in an hour, 259 200 in a day, 94 609 000 in a year, and consequently, to be exact, the time it would take him to count the 14 000 000 000 would be 147 years, 11 months, 23 days, 15 hours 17 minutes, 46 2-3 seconds. Or it would take four men, counting twelve hours a day, a fraction less than 74 years. If all the corpses of those who have fallen victims to war were laid one after another across a road, allowing three feet to each body and the space between it and the next, that road would be nearly 8 000 000 miles long. This road would run around the world more than 318 times. Only think, more than 318 belts of dead people encircling the globe!

THE CAUSE OF COLOR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the changes of complexion in the human race. A few facts may show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Diemen's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cool as that of Iceland, while the Indo Chinese nations, who are in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. Humboldt says the American tribes of the equinoctial region have no darker skin than the mountaineer of the temperate zone. The Puelches of the Magellanic plains, beyond the fifty fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than the tribes who live near the equator. The Guaranas, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guaycas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes.

"What is love?" asked an exchange. Love, my friend, is thinking that you and the girl can be an eternal picnic to each other.

TAKING TOLL.

BY S. M. P.

In the door of the mill stood Richard Lee;
White as an image of snow was he,
From his heavy boots to his beautiful lips,
From the crown of his hat to his finger-tips.

Now slowly jogging along the street,
Drove Farmer Brown with his grist of wheat;
And with him Bessie as fresh as the spring,
And ripe as the fruit the fall months bring.

While the farmer drove about the town,
Young Lee ground the wheat, and bolted it down,
With many a glance at the maiden fair,
Who sat by the door in the oaken chair.

At last he called her in shouting tones,
And she stood by the whirling, rumbling stones,
And watched the grain as it ebbed so still,
Till the farmer came. But the noise of the mill

Drowned the sound of his feet in a way improper;
And when he approached, right over the hopper
Two heads were bent, and when Richard Lee
Saw him standing there, he stammered, "I see;

"That is" then he paused and shuffled his feet,
"I think there are weevils in your wheat."
But the farmer smiled and said, "Well, Bess,
Of the two evils, always choose the less."

And the maiden looked down, confused and meek,
With a patch of flour upon one cheek;
Still the old man didn't take it ill,
For he knew young Richard owned the mill.

But he mused, as they slowly rode away,
"Well, I've been to mill now many a day;
Say forty odd years, but bless my soul,
That chap beats all of them taking toll."

BEHIND THE SCENES

THEATRICAL SLANG is very much like any other slang. There is no thought of indelicacy in actors' minds; and colloquialisms that would be regarded with horror in a fashionable drawing-room are uttered in the green-room without any wrong intent.

The greater part of the slang used by actors is such as is familiar to everyone. The general term used to designate an actor is "fakir," a word which originally meant a magician. From it is coined the verb "fake," which means to imitate or sham. Few actors are willing to acknowledge that other actors are good, hence the slang of the theatre abounds in terms used to designate bad actors. Of these the most frequent are "duffer," "gutter actor," and "bum actor." The "variety" actor is looked down upon by the legitimate player, and is called a "ham." Actors are like sailors, they always believe the failure of a play is due to the presence of some unfortunate performer, and he is accordingly called a "Jonah." To all companies, actors, plays, and theatres not up to the standard of excellence the epithets "queer," "tart," and "off color" are applied. Fair woman, when not an adept in art, is called a "dizzy dame." The society actor, whose triumphs are generally made in elaborate drawing room "sets," is called a "dress-coat actor," in distinction from the actor of Shakspearean and other standard dramas, who belongs to the "legitimate," and is generally regarded as an "old-timer." The supernumeraries, those patient persons who are always silent, always awaiting a chance to speak and never getting it, are shorn of their dignified appellation and called "supes." There is also that unhappy performer who has learned to be too fond of the cup that inebriates. He has several poetic names—"guzzler," "budger," "soaker," and "gin fiend." When he is under the influence of his favorite beverage he is said to be "lush." There is a custom of filling out the numbers of the chorus in comic operas with persons who do not sing and these interesting individuals are known as "dummies." The manager of a theatre is always known as "the governor." The audience is always called "the house." Those who sit in the boxes and orchestra circle possess the greatest charm for the manager, for they pay the highest prices. The actor cares little for them, however, they only give him "kid glove applause." The gentlemen who look down so kindly upon him from the gallery are his favorites, and he calls them "the gods." The leader of the orchestra is usually a great favorite with the actor, and is hailed familiarly as "Dutchy," "Boss fiddler," or "catgut." Actors in elevated positions are generally polite in their conversation, but many in the lower ranks always address one another as "cully." A favorite expression, in speaking of any friend, is "his nibs," and, if that friend happens to enter the theatre in a new coat he will probably hear one of his brother actors say to another, "Oh, stag his nice," which means simply "look at him." This is sometimes varied by the alarming expression of "get on to his nags."

The expressions used on the stage in reference to stage business are numerous. When anything is intentionally omitted from the text of a play it is said to be "cut." If any actor forgets his lines, and stops to think, he is said to "stick." One who bellows his words at the top of his voice and tears a passion to tatters, is a "spouter," a "ranter," or a "howler," and is believed to be in the habit of "eating scenes." If in addition to ranting he indulges in over elaborate elocution he is a "mouther." A comedian who depends upon unnatural grimaces to evoke the laughter of the multitude is said to "mug." One who makes a specialty of disguising his face in some mysterious manner is said to "mug up." Sometimes an actor is displeased with the part allotted to him, and revenges himself upon the manager by "guying," that is, by making fun of his role. "Guying" also applies to the act of introducing funny "business" into a part for the purpose of making other persons on the stage laugh. Some actors have a habit of interpolating expressions of their own into the text. One who does this "gags." These extempore phrases often please the audience, but as a general thing the other members of the company think they are simply "rot." The curtain is often called the "rag," and the actor's delight is to see this "rag" dropped at the end of a long performance. However, he seldom grumbles if his part be full of telling speeches, in which case it is "fat." The action on the stage is known as "business" which term is always shortened into "biz." If an actor forgets his lines the prompter has to assist him, and accordingly is requested to "throw the word." The actor always knows his turn to speak from the last three or four words of the speech before his, which is called the "cue." Often when it is found that a performance is dragging out its weary length to an intolerably late hour, the actors are requested to "come down to cues;" in which the unfortunate author, if he is present, is made miserable by hearing many of his pet speeches mangled almost beyond recognition. Almost every one who attends the theatre often will notice that an actor, after saying something very emphatic or astonishingly heroic, struts proudly down towards one corner of the stage. This significant movement is called "taking stage" and forms no little part of the routine of stage business.

But often the company goes traveling, or rather "takes the road." The advance agent has gone ahead; he has "flooded the town" with "dodgers"—small handbills—and the company follows in his track; filled with expectations of making "a hit," for their play was "a go"; in New York, and the manager has visions of untold "ducats." An actor who makes his living entirely in traveling companies is known as a "barn-stormer," and is said to be "on the road." Towns in which the company gives only one performance are known as "one night stands." When a company reaches the place in which it is to play it is said to "strike the town." Some companies on the road are noted for their remarkable lack of ready cash. These organizations are in the habit of leaving town occasionally before the hotel landlord has collected his board bill. Those who do this are said to "jump the town." Companies which make a habit of jumping the town are known as "fly-by-night" companies. But these organizations never last long. Sooner or later they are "stuck" or "busted." The manager, if he happens to be an unprincipled man, "slopes," and the unhappy company, in a strange place, without money, are left to "foot it" or "walk home on their uppers." The latter expression signifies that the soles of their shoes are gone. These unfortunate people finally reach New York, and there find themselves once more "on the curbstone"—that is standing around Union Square, in the neighborhood of the dramatic agencies, waiting for a "snap" or job.

Grains of Gold.

Humility is the hall-mark of wisdom.

Be noble in every thought, and in every deed.

Every condition has both its pleasures and its pains.

Learn to stand in more awe of yourself than of others.

The objects of our pride are generally the causes of our sorrow.

Domestic behavior is the main test of virtue and good nature.

He is not a greater man than you who is not more just than you.

Humility is not the only road to excellence, but it is one road.

Disdain nothing in the way of happiness. Trying to gain too much is the surest way of endangering that which we have.

It is needful to assist one another. He who refuses a service when he can grant it, may be refused when he requires it.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

Right habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper with each year.

Nothing can so raise a man to the highest development of his powers, or to expand and purify his emotional nature, as moral and religious culture.

To be happy at home is the ultimate aim of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil that gain is slower and harder than loss in all things good; but in all things bad getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

We all are sculptors and painters; our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

There is a persistency in the life of right-doing which is more influential as a moral agent than the highest conceptions of abstract goodness or the most eloquent appeals to noble sentiment.

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man; it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

It would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable or more lasting, for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls.

Speak kindly to all—to menial and dependants. Never slight nor neglect the humblest individual. Remember that he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself, or as is the greatest man in the world. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person.

It is very surprising that praise should excite vanity; for if what is said of us be true, it is no more than we know before, and it cannot raise us in our own esteem; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection that we are admired only because we are not known, and that a closer inspection would bring forth censure instead of commendation.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They don't "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable. There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things.

Dreadful Paroxysms of Asthma.

"I was having dreadful paroxysms of Asthma when the Compound Oxygen came. I am very grateful to inform you that in that respect I am greatly relieved." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences.

Trimmings on a bonnet are laid very flat.

Very little jewelry goes with a waite costume.

Garden parties are rather flippantly called "coffee clacks."

The bon-ton mitts have what are called solid stocking tops.

Sarsnet, a thin but durable silk of years ago, is resuscitated.

Jewelry styles still run to snakes, lizards, and things like that.

Jennie June can't abide an elaborate silk dress in hot weather.

An Indiana woman has had her husband arrested thirty times.

Dress stuffs with imitations of shirring are predicted for the fall.

Shirring is the chief feature in the making of summer dresses.

New York belles ride horseback in tailor-cut bodices, skin-fitting.

There's a prospect of Japanese shoes stepping into feminine fancy.

With old-fashioned modes comes a revival of the old English fabrics.

Heaps of Spanish summer bonnets are made of pink Spanish lace.

A bunch of flowers at the waist is no longer considered esthetic.

A foot of one hue and a leg of another is a new anomaly in stockings.

Oblong pieces of greenish-gray straw are used in making street bags.

Paris equestriennes wear round felt hats, instead of the tall "beavers."

Some fastidious New York belles wear white kids even while sewing.

Tasty French milliners never commingle flowers and feathers in one hat.

An old Panama hat, upside down and trimmed, makes a pretty basket.

Silks watered all over, and with colored stripes, are a novelty for skirts.

"Rouge fen," the new red, is the ardent tint preferred for morning gowns.

A theatre bonnet made wholly of a great big purple pansy is owned in New York.

Silver flowers, clutched alongside of a bonnet by a silver turkey-claw, are an odd freak.

"What Ladies Wear" is the title of an article in an exchange. The right kind wear veil.

Lace and Paris muslin are taking the place of satin and brocade for wedding purposes.

A woman school-teacher in Connecticut poured ice-water down the back of a refractory little girl.

The highest words of praise that can be spoken of a woman is to say to her that she is a "good woman."

A dutiful wife will try and make home cheerful, even if she has to employ two or three pretty servant girls.

In Portugal, a widow cannot marry if she is over fifty years of age. Who ever heard of a widow as old as that?

A physician undertook to leave an Illinois town to establish himself further west, but four women hindered him with breach of promise suits.

"What is a missionary tea party?" asked one lady of another, who replied, "Oh, it's where all the gossip and scandal must be about the heathen."

Miss Brownstone says if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it and I return it with many thanks."

"Take back the love thou gav'st me," she sang. It was a love of a bonnet, but didn't match her complexion, and she wanted him to exchange it for one that did.

"Do you know how old Madame B is?" "Yes. Two years ago she was thirty-nine. Last year she was thirty-eight. Of course this year she must be thirty-seven."

A young man and a young woman of Chicago, between whom there was litigation for the ownership of an estate, have settled the matter by marrying each other.

An Indiana girl is down on the records as sowing, reaping and selling 350 bushels of wheat last fall. Don't believe she kept the heels of her stockings in good repair.

A lawyer says that a convenient way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you will find it out immediately.

"Speaking of age," said a withered spinster to a lady. "I should give you fifty years." "You may keep them yourself," was the reply, "although you don't want them."

At a recent wedding in New York city two little girls preceded the bridal party to the altar, strewing daisies along the aisle from a wicker basket each held on the left arm.

"The only lady that ever impressed me much," said an old bachelor, "was a three-hundred-pound woman, who was standing in a car, and when the car turned a corner fell against me."

A little ten-year old miss told her mother the other day that she was never going to be married, but meant to be a widow, because widows dressed in such nice black and always looked so happy.

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed that she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything but oranges.

In Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think they have ugly ears place these artistic productions under luxuriant tresses of false hair, fasten them to the natural ears and wear them.

A suspicious mother down South placed some nitro-glycerine in her daughter's corset on the evening her fellow was coming. The girl leaned it to the cook and they had to scrape the old man off the ceiling to get enough to hold an inquest over.

News Notes.

London has a population of four millions.

Vermont does not contain a single Chinaman.

Savannah has a groggery for every ten men.

Both oyster and snail shells are utilized in Paris.

Europe is ahead of us in the use of electric railways.

309 cities of the Union have a total debt of $670,471,373.

The potato beetles cross and recross rivers in their visitations.

Tan colored undressed kid gloves are worn with white costumes.

A soup made of onions is recommended to dyspeptic persons.

Lawn tennis is the fashionable game at all of the summer resorts.

Chicago has the reputation of being the healthiest city in the world.

Five million pounds of copper per month is consumed in this country.

Guinea fowls destroy insects of every kind and are invaluable on a farm.

Fewer and better dramatic combinations will be "on the road" next season.

In England every postoffice employee is re-vaccinated once in seven years.

A Georgia paper calls one of its rivals the Repository of Belated Information.

Cherry trees must be protected from injury of any kind—especially bruises.

Brooklyn has a club called "The Sons of Rest, who never worked and never will."

Wagner, the composer, has a cat which sleeps on his bed and eats with him at the table.

There are in this country at the present time fifty-four newspapers edited by colored men.

A nobleman is building a splendid mansion in Scotland with walls five feet in thickness.

Flowers are always suitable for presents, and may be accepted from slight acquaintances.

Cabbage roses in clusters of nine and ten are the trimming for bonnets in Paris just at present.

Great Britain is the only country in which wedding-rings are taxed. The duty on them is $4.25 an ounce.

Prince Leopold, of England, who is now Duke of Albany, is to be also Earl of Clarence and Baron Arklow.

There is a fortune waiting for a man who will invent a way to prevent lightning from striking oil tanks.

A Buffalo paper thinks it as disreputable to manufacture counterfeit food as it is to make counterfeit money.

Prince Bismarck is Knight Grand Cross of sixty-four orders, more than half the existing number of such distinctions.

A London hatter puts forward a claim to patronage on the ground of Beaconsfield having bought his last hat of him.

At a recent Boston concert the programme was printed on thin Japanese paper, so as to avoid the usual rattling.

The principal lighthouses on the French coast will soon be lighted by electricity and provided with powerful steam trumpets for fog signals.

A prominent Chicago paper urges two and-one-half cents postage as a uniform rate on all letters, and, it is to be assumed, circulars as well.

An Indiana court has decided that while cash collections may be made in church on Sunday, a subscription made on that day is not binding.

Cincinnati's new mayor has not only closed all the Sunday shows, but compels the Saturday night entertainments to stop promptly at midnight.

An Icelandic sailor in Denmark caught the small-pox and died. Some of his clothing was then sent home, and started an epidemic of the plague in Iceland.

The window of a New York undertaker's shop is laid out as a burial plot, with black-robed dolls grouped about a monument, with handkerchiefs at their eyes.

One Massachusetts city boasts that its Liquor Law is very strictly enforced, since the dealers are obliged to carry their stock of whisky in a bottle carried in a coat pocket.

When the late Czar was a handsome child, and walked the streets of St. Petersburg with a guard or two, the people followed him in crowds, trying to kiss the hem of his garments.

A man is serving a life sentence in the Kentucky Penitentiary under conviction of the murder of a man, who it has just been discovered is living and serving as a constable in Cleveland.

The heirs of a man six months dead, in Massachusetts, unable to find the papers containing the records of his property, dug up his body and found them and $20 in money in the pocket of the mouldering coat in which he had been buried.

A scientific association in Vienna recently gave as the subject of a philosophical treatise, "The Ideality of Time and Space." Four thousand Germans seem to have understood what that meant, that number having sent in papers.

California has been in American possession for thirty-four years, and its exports and imports are this year more than twice as great as those of the twenty-seven States and two Territories which compose the Mexican Republic, though California's population is less than one twelfth, and its area not more than one-fifth, of hers.

A curious story comes from a town in New York. Some years ago a loving couple became estranged. Each married, and in the lapse of time the companions of both died. A year or so later the couple met, and not long after they were married. A few months ago they both died within a few hours of each other. They were buried on the same day, the wife by the side of her first husband, the husband beside his first wife.

KNOCK AND RING.

NOBODY knows when and where bells first came into use. The old Egyptians were summoned to the feast of their divinities by the sound of a bell; much as our good people are called to church on a Sunday morning.

When Aaron went into the holy place, his coming and going was signalled to the people by the tinkling of the row of golden bells which he wore upon his ephod.

There is an ancient picture of David playing, with a hammer in each hand, upon five bells, suspended before him; but it is hardly to be presumed that the painting was taken from life.

The early Christian missionaries in Ireland were accustomed to carry a bell with them, in order to summon the inhabitants to worship—that which belonged to St. Gall being still preserved in Switzerland, while St. Patrick's is exhibited to this day in Belfast.

Church bells were introduced into England in the sixth century, where they have continued ever since. Nearly a thousand years ago names were given to bells, and the "Old Tom" of Oxford is historical.

We have our "Liberty Bell," which, after having, in 1776, proclaimed to the land that the United States were free and independent, now rests, cracked and voiceless, in Independence Hall, in this city.

In one of the towers of old Moscow there were not less than thirty-seven—one of which was so large that it required twenty-four men to pull the clapper, the bell itself being immovable. A traveler says: "The large bell near the Cathedral is only used upon important occasions; and when it sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. It is forty-nine feet in circumference, and weighs more than fifty-seven tons."

What is known as "the great bell of Moscow," the largest ever made, still stands where it was originally cast. It has been consecrated as a chapel, and a door opened where a piece of the bell was broken out by throwing water upon it when heated by fire. The size of the room is twenty-two feet in diameter, and over twenty-one feet high.

The Chinese are also well off for bells, there being seven in the city of Pekin, each of which weighs 120,000 pounds. In former times the hand-bells that stood upon the table, often made of silver, and beautifully chased, answered all the purposes of the household. The hanging of bells in private houses, and the door-bell, are of comparatively modern date. The knocker was in use as long ago as the time of Pope, the poet, as appears from the lines:

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."

On the doors of some houses abroad may still be seen the marks of what was called "the rasp," a piece of iron placed perpendicularly and fastened at both ends, with the inner side roughly serrated or notched, and two or three heavy rings attached, which were rattled up and down by one who wished admittance. This must have been a little worse than a knocker.

The curfew-bell was rung all over Europe at eight o'clock in the evening as the signal for covering up the fire, as the word curfew-cover fire—indicates. In Catholic countries the passing bell is a summons to offer a prayer for the liberated spirit.

SERAGLIO.—The seraglio of an Eastern prince is the political and social sanctuary of Moslem potentates. In the seraglio are educated the princes and the principal youth among the noble destined for posts of responsibility in the empire. It is generally separated from the palace, but so nearly contiguous as to be of ready access. None are admitted within the apartments except the Prince and those immediately attached to its several offices, the duties of which are performed by women. It is generally enclosed by lofty walls, and surrounded by spacious gardens. The inmates who form the matrimonial confederacy of the potentate, are among the most beautiful girls which the empire can furnish. They are taught embroidery, music and dancing, by certain old women hired to instruct them in every blandishment that may captivate the sense and stimulate the passions. These lovely captives are never permitted to appear abroad, except when the Prince travels, and they are conveyed in litters enclosed by curtains, or in boats with small cabins, admitting the light and air only through narrow Venetian blinds. The apartments of the seraglio are elegant, always. The favorite is treated with sovereign respect throughout the harem. She smokes her golden-tubed pipe, the mouth piece studded with gems, and enjoys the fresh morning breeze under a verandah that overlooks the gardens of the palace, attended by her damsels, only second to herself in attractions of person, and splendor of attire. Here she reclines in oblivious repose upon a rich embroidered carpet. Through an atmosphere of the richest incense, she breathes the choicest perfumes, and has every thing round her that can administer to sensual delight; still, she is generally an unhappy being. She dwells in the midst of splendid misery and ungratifying profusion, while all within herself is desolation and hopelessness. The harem, in particular, is an enclosure of such an immense extent as to contain a separate room for every one of the women, whose number often exceeds five thousand. They are divided into companies, and a proper employment is assigned to each individual. Over each of these companies a woman is appointed, and one is selected for the command of the whole. Every one receives a salary equal to her merit. At the grand gate is stationed a clerk, to take account of the receipts and expenditures of the harem in cash, and in goods. Whenever any of this multitude of women want anything, they apply to the treasurer of the harem, who, according to their monthly stipend, sends a memorandum thereof to the clerk of the grand gate, who transmits it to the husband, who pays the money. The inside of the harem is guarded by women, and about the gate of the royal apartments are placed the most confidential. Immediately on the outside of the gate watch the eunuchs of the harem, and at a proper distance others, beyond whom are the porters of the gates, and on the outside of the enclosure troops mount guard according to their rank.

The Popular Science Monthly for June has in its table of contents: "Physical Education." "On "Fruits and Seeds," "Sunstroke and Some of Its Sequæ æ" "The Value of our Forests," "Production of Sound by Radiant Energy," "Compound Political Heads," "Degeneration," "The Primeval American Continent," "Natural Production of Alcohol," "The Modern Development of Faraday's Conception of Electricity," "Glucose and Grape Sugar," "The Mental Effect of Earthquakes." D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

THE CHICAGO BELLS.

Lift them up tenderly,
Handle with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
A beautiful pair!
Look at those number twelves,
A sight in themselves!
Made from two ox-hides, the truth I must tell:
Made for a young girl—a Chicago belle.

How were her father's feet?
How were her mother's?
How were her sister's feet?
How were her brother's?
What had this maiden done
That she should merit it?
Was it a judgment,
Or did she inherit it?
Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity,
Scarcer than pearls!
And, O, it is pitiful to see a whole city full
Of big-footed girls.

Look at the maiden's shoes!
Laces like clothes-lines
Look at the shoe-laces!
Pass through the holes;
And the droves of horned cattle, in passing around,
Look at her brogans, then paw up the ground,
Bellowing all the while, knowing full well
The leather required for a Chicago belle.

Humorous.

A blind man needn't pay a sight draft.

Now plant cats, and raise your own catnip.

When is a lamp in a bad temper? When it's put out.

A match-sale—One put up where the small boy can't get it.

Now that measles are prevalent, mothers as well as astronomers are looking for spots on the sun.

Ravens fed the prophet Elijah in ancient days, but golden eagles feed the prophets of the present day.

A young couple in Iowa eloped with the consent of their parents, who liked the romance of the thing.

The archery clubs have commenced practising, and the glass-eye manufactories are running night and day.

Indians never drink to drown sorrow. When they can get anything to drink they have no sorrow to drown.

Which letter of the alphabet resembles a laugh, and why? The letter "e"—it always comes in at the end of a joke.

A boy will wear his teeth out by chewing a copper-bottomed stick of rock candy, and then growl because his ma doesn't bake cake soft enough for him.

The following bit of Paris gossip was in a letter from a young American to his father: "All the theatres and many of the churches are now open every Sunday in this city."

Some philanthropist has said that a man who truly loves a horse cannot be wicked. He must be in the wrong, for Texas jails are full of men who loved other people's horses not wisely, but too well.

A Connecticut man announces that he can play on seventeen different musical instruments. He is compelled to make the announcement himself, because none of his recent neighbors are now living.

An English census enumerator found an outspoken Briton the other day who described his occupation as "loafer," and defined a loafer as "one who lives on everybody else, and better than anybody else."

Some people have been discussing the true meaning of social and political economy, and it is said they have come to the following conclusions: "Social economy is the art of living stylishly off of other people. Political economy is the art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power."

"Have animals souls?" is another rattling conundrum that has agitated the soul of science for years. Of course they have souls. Just look into a cow's eye, and see if you don't find the same dreamy sort of expression that you noticed when last you gazed fondly into the eyes of her whom you know positively is the very essence of condensed soul.

There was joy on the farm when Ben, the oldest boy, came back from college in his sophomore year, and the village was proud of him. "Cheese it, cully," he said, when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with his father; "cheese it, cully; shove us yer flipper, clench daddies, pard. How's his nibs, and what's the new racket?" And his proud old father said: "It was jest worth more'n twicet the money to hear Ben rattle off the Greek jest the same as if it was a livin' language."

On his way to his apartments he stopped under the window of a pawnbroker, and with violent knocking and shouts, attracted the attention of that estimable tradesman, who, putting his head out of the window, fretfully asked the business of his visitor. "I want to know the time." "What do you mean by waking me up to ask such a stupid question?" roared the pawnbroker. "Stupid question?" he howled, clinging to a lamp post. "I like that. Where else should I ask for the time—haven't you got my watch?"

"And did your late husband die in the hope of a blessed immortality, Sister Wiggins?" inquired the new minister, who was making his first call on a fair widow of his congregation. "Bless you, no!" was the mournful response; "he died in Chicago."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

"I Don't Want a Plaster," said a sick man to a druggist, "can't you give me something to cure me?" His symptoms were a lame back and disordered urine, and were a sure indication of kidney disease. The druggist told him to use Kidney Wort, and in a short time it effected a complete cure. Have you these symptoms? Then get a box or bottle to-day—before you become incurable. It is the cure; safe and sure.—Knoxville Republican.

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When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. C. H. Spaulding, of the Massachusetts Organ Company, Boston, Mass., will soon sail for Europe in search of novelties in the musical instrument list.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

The Traveler who Wisely Provides
Against the contingency of illness by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, when he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

RIDGE'S FOOD

For Infants and Invalids

OLD PEOPLE whose digestive powers are impaired will find this diet invaluable. Many are adopting this article as a DAILY DIET. It is superior and more palatable than oatmeal and other similar preparations, and being thoroughly cooked in its manufacture it does not sour or scald. For those suffering from INDIGESTION, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, it is unsurpassed, as its soothing and nourishing properties particularly adapt it to all conditions of the stomach.
Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of children are saved every year by its use.
RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over.
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WILCOX, HAIG & CO. on every label.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years.—Is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. (Illust. Catalogue free.) 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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New styles, by best artists: Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, etc.—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 Samples Fancy Advertising Cards, 10c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,
LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,
Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney and Bladder Complaints,
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.
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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
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FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
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SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.
Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.
PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.
RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents per Box.
We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True." "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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Facetiæ.

The defective chimney will smoke. A lady friend says that there is also something defective about the man who smokes.

The "stage fright" that we hear so much about, is when the highwayman opens the stage door and asks you for your money or your life.

"What fragrance," exclaims a Michigan editor, "is more permeating to the air than apple-blossoms in an apple-orchard in May?" Just you throw stones at one of those black and white animals that look some like a cat, and you'll find out.

Of the cultivable lands in this country only eleven and a half per cent. is in use. And yet lots of young men would rather bruce up against the side of a brick block and decorate the pavement with tobacco juice than to seize the plow and go shares with it.

He came into the office and said, 'You see, my brothers are shoemakers, and they mended my shoes. Now, why am I like Joseph of Biblical history?" We gave it up. 'Why, because I was soled by my brothers." The inquest on him will be held to-day.

"I wish I were a man." Such were the words a charming maiden spake the other morning on her way to school. She wants to be a man. Well, this is a queer world. The editor of this paper saw the time once when he wished he were a sea gull. And that was out on the briny deep—on the rough, tempestuous sea, as it were. But he got over it, and so will she. Why, you chicken, it's all a man can do to be a man. And it's a plaguey sight more than a good many of him can do. Be a woman—yes, a true-blue woman. "Them's what they make angels of."

What Ails You?

Is it a disordered liver, giving you a yellow skin or costive bowels, which have resulted in distressing piles, or do your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort, and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment, and each organ will be ready for duty. Druggists sell both the dry and liquid.—Evansville Tribune.

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THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *Both with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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(Will send the dry post-paid.)

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When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

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a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Trial Bottle of my Infallible remedy. It costs you nothing and I will cure you. Give Express and Post-Office. Address

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Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
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Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlets. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

Fine Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MANUFACTURED by mail 20 CTS., 2 for 35 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 10 cts. New Wonder Rope coil 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps 40 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 20 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 20 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 20 cts. 500 Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Home Growers Guide 25 cts. Mysteries of Moth for Fancy Fellows 15 cts. Sherman's Guide 15 cts. Gas Knowledge Box or Gas Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.49 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

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20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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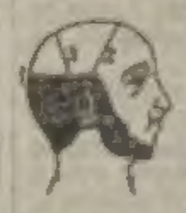

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For Wigs, Invisibles.	*Toupees and Scalps, Invisibles.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as nail.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

NEW materials are springing up on all sides wherever we may turn, and are mixed with plain material with very pretty effect. In plain materials cashmere, muslin de laine, and nun's veiling remain in favor in woolen goods; and Surah satin is still the favorite silk plain material. Fancy materials are divided into shaded stripes, dots, and checks, which are seen in woolen, silk and cotton materials alike.

The favorite colors are parrot-green, lobster-pink, and red, moss green, and mustard, both dark and light-colored.

Most spring costumes are made with two materials, which may be employed either as the foundation of the dress, or as its trimmings. It is preferable, however, to make the foundation plain, and the trimmings of the shaded stripes, dots, or checks. Kilted skirts, however, look very pretty made of stripes. The upper part may then be made of a plain material, and be trimmed with stripes. As for the way dresses are made, it is difficult to say what is the most in favor, as almost every style is in fashion.

I have seen sisters dressed in every style, one with a long, tight cuirasse, and the other with a little full body, with band round the waist; both looked well.

Other bodies are made with rounded basques, pointed basques, and turret basques, puffed basques, postilion basques, tucked basques, coat-basques, and box-plaited basques.

Tall persons, perhaps, look better with basque, or cuirasse bodies, as the skirt being shorter, the person also looks shorter. Pointed bodies suit stout persons best. Small people look best in waist-band bodies, allowing all the possible length to the skirt.

For walking-dress, light tweed materials are the most fashionable, although the everlasting cashmere is still largely used; and a simple and pretty style is that of the front, covered with narrow kilted flounces, about three of which are continued round the back of the skirt, with a scarf of the same or different material, draped easily across the front, and used to form drapery at the back, with tight-fitting bodice, high collar, and close, plain sleeves, only ornamented with a narrow pleating, and buttoning to the elbow.

A rather more dressy toilet is made of olive green beige and satin. A deep kilting of satin goes all round the bottom of the skirt, and above is a drapery formed of a breadth of material bound with satin, and drawn in to a gathered plastron in front. Over this falls a deep kilting of satin, the left side of which is hidden by a scarf of beige, which starting from under the jacket on the right side, is arranged in flat folds across the front, and is fastened under the full drapery behind, nearly at the bottom of the dress.

The jacket is a plain, tight-fitting one, the pockets and sleeves of which are trimmed with narrow folds of satin, and the deep basques are cut up nearly to the waist, both at the sides and at the back, to show kilted fans of satin beneath.

Black silk is still worn for useful house or visiting dresses, and looks well trimmed, as many are, with steel.

I have seen a simply-made one, the skirt of which was entirely kilted, and the tunic of cashmere was made in two shawl-shaped pieces, crossing in front, and trimmed with a deep silk fringe, with steel drops at intervals, and a heading worked with steel. The bodice was a plain, coat-shaped one, entirely of silk, with cut steel buttons upon the basque and to fasten it down the front; and the sleeves tight-fitting and quite plain, save for the buttons, which fasten them at the elbow.

Skirts are made in as many different ways as the bodies; the most usual, however, is the puffed and gathered apron, which spreads out at the bottom to meet the train, in order to look like two dresses.

The apron may also be a mass of painting or embroidery or be covered with beads, gold, silver, jet, or steel; or it may be flounced with net, gauze, or lace; or it may look like a ladder of glittering fringes.

Scarfs are also worn, especially on light materials, and they are edged with fringe.

Moderation in puffs is recommended; they are very little seen, indeed, on dressy toilettes.

All trains are made perfectly plain, and have a large full double and triple box-plait at the back, to give them elegance and richness.

Evening dresses are sometimes fairy-like in lightness, and at others of almost Puritan simplicity. Thus, you see black dresses of satin and gauze almost weighed down with jet embroidery; and ruby satin dresses embroidered, or painted with roses and other flowers.

White dresses are seen in abundance in muslin, striped gauze, and surah. Here is a white dress to copy. It is of plain tulle and striped gauze, over a surah foundation. The skirt is flounced up as far as the scarf, and is of plain tulle, whilst the scarf and bodice are of striped gauze. The body is open in V to the waist, the opening being filled in with puffs of net; the scarf is fringed and tied at the back. A surah band is worn round the waist. A bouquet of flowers on one shoulder, and to loop up the hair at the back.

A very elegant evening dress is made by covering a black silk or satin skirt with black lace flounces, or even with a black lace shawl, looped at the side with flowers, ribbon bows, jet ornaments. A lace full body, and a wide sash of lace round the waist, and fastened at the back.

This same dress would also look pretty in black barege, and in white lace. Lace was never more worn than now, and blonde lace is more worn than any.

I have also seen a white lace skirt covered with a white satin tunic. The body was edged round with pearls. At the back was a white lace scarf, which was fastened on one shoulder by a pearl clasp, and then on the opposite side of the train, about midway down.

Silver grey is returning into vogue; I have already seen several dressy costumes made of this exquisite shade. One of these had a skirt trimmed with four plaited flounces; over this a polonaise, open in front, and puffed at the back.

Coats are gradually assuming the appearance of polonaises, by having the back puffed instead of falling in tabs.

Here is another very handsome dress. The skirt is of velvet (velvet being now permitted even in summer); at the bottom a deep ruche, lined with satin, and headed by a wreath of applique flowers; above, a deep kilted flounce of Spanish lace. Pointed body, with large collar. Lace scarf.

Here is a new and original costume, composed of blue cashmere, trimmed with plaitings of white lace, and two large bows of blue satin on one side. A long pointed tunic edged with white lace. Mecamier body, crossed back and front, and pulled into a high band of blue silk. Mecamier, or crossed bodies, are coming into great favor, and they are becoming to most figures.

I will now describe some new dresses, remarkable for their quaint simplicity. One of them is of grey cashmere, made with a waist-band body, and a plain skirt, plaited into the waist-band. The sleeves are puffed at the shoulders, a band round the waist, and a bag hanging from the band. A fichu collar at the neck, and high turned-up cuffs.

Then a sack cloth-dressed, plaited from waist to hem, band and sack hanging on one side. Long wide sleeves.

A blue flannel serge dress has a plain skirt, with a plaited apron in front. A long cuirasse bodice fastened in front by tabs.

A Quakeress dress is composed of silver grey surah, covered with narrow plaitings; a full body and full sleeves, with ruching round the neck and wrists.

No one can complain of a lack of suitable material with which to render herself charming, for morning, visiting, walking, and evening costumes only rival each other in elegance and style.

Some of the satteens—so popular for morning toilettes—are so exquisitely got up, as almost to delude the eye into believing them real satin, while the designs are conspicuous for good taste and ingenious coloring.

One of these costumes was of pale-pink satteen—it looked like satin—with two pleated flounces at the back, and Tom Thumb pleatings half way up the front.

The polonaise was made very long at the back, and caught up short in the front, with knots of old gold satin ribbon, so as to show the little pleatings of the skirt. The polonaise was made of a much darker shade than the skirt with a pretty design representing half-moons in the same pale shade as the skirt, dotted with gold specks. The effect of this costume in the sunlight was very charming.

Another costume was in cream satteen with grenat lozenges overlaid with a fine network tracing.

Plates and dishes, dots of various sizes, stripes, suns, etc., for some of the most popular of the designs, while the more eccentric assume the forms of imps and demons. The colors of these satteens are wonderfully soft.

As for the shape of bodices, in no point is fashion less subjected to any sort of rule. Almost any shape may be chosen, so that it fits well. The coat, the round waist, the peaked bodice, and basques of every shape and size are equally in favor. Even the separate jacket—be it coat or casaquin, long or short—is enjoying fresh vogue after being threatened with dismissal.

These jackets, in any pretty, somewhat firm material, either light or dark, are so useful to wear with any skirt, that we may hope to see them in fashion through the summer.

The new summer costumes seem made after those of the period of Louis XV. or Louis XVI., or from that of the Directoire.

Most unique and graceful are such costumes with bodices gathered into a belt, pelerines, fichus, jabots, all betrimmed with lace and ribbons.

Softest tints are those preferred: Indian sky, sabes of roses, melted steel, mastic, turquoise, coral-pink, almond, burnished silver, and amber.

Twilled satins and surahs are brocaded, striped, sprigged, or shaded in graduated tints; the latter is a very fashionable style both for materials and ribbons.

In every case the stockings and shoes match the dress; the mantle, cape, or visite also matches the dress.

Fireside Chat

VARIOUS nets can be made of cloth and woolen scraps, patterns, etc., to serve in domestic use, as clothes, wood, waste, and work baskets, can be ornamented with them, or, when faded and shabby, covered and made quite fresh-looking.

For hearth-rugs useful in the nursery, morning, or work-room, or contributions for fairs, the following directions will be found easy:

Sort all your pieces of cloth—tweed, flannel, or any wool materials—in parcels of bright colors, black, and neutral tints, and endeavor to have all the kinds about the same size, square or oblong.

The usual size of wool patterns, four inches by three, is the most convenient. With strong scissors make two cuts, dividing the three-inch widths into three tongues, each one inch wide.

Cut only the length of three inches, so that one inch margin remains of the four inches length connecting the three tongues.

Prepare all your pieces thus, and, if any trimmings remain, shape them into tongues to match in length and width.

Take a piece of strong sacking or packing cloth of the size and shape you wish your rug or mat to be.

Take the prepared pieces by twos, alternating the bright, dark, and neutral colors, and sew them firmly with a long, double stitch to the foundation through the inch-wide uncut margin in rows, overlapping each other by an inch and a half.

The mode of sewing on the rows can be varied either across the length or across the width of the rug or mat or by bordering the foundation on all sides, allowing the tongues to fall out as a fringe, and working on thus inwards till the whole space is covered.

The centre must be finished off with a bunch to lie full. The rug is then lined with some coarse woolen material, dark or colored. The stout stuffs in pretty drabs, browns, and biscuit color, are well suited to this purpose.

The tongues can be cut less than an inch wide, but are not so durable then, as they get torn off in the wear.

A good deal of scarlet brightens up the work wonderfully.

Coverlets for poor people's beds can be made very warm on thin woolen or cotton foundations by sewing rows of scraps cut in square circles, half circles, or triangles as the pieces will best cut into in rows slightly overlapping each other.

If the whole is lined with some woolen material, no matter how slight, it becomes a really warm covering.

For basket decoration, or covering old and common willow baskets, the pieces of cloth can be cut into lambrequins of different colors, pinked out and worked on with wool, silk, or beads.

Pompons or tassels mix well with such, and also pinked-out thick ruches for the edges of the baskets or covers.

The pretty bright perforated shells used for shell and bead ornaments are very effective worked on to such cloth decorations, as are also the silver bells, cockle-shells, etc., sold for fancy dress purposes.

Table and standing work-baskets can thus be made most decorative. All shades of red, maroon, blue, olive, plum, and black are well adapted for this work.

Cloth pieces, cut in lozenge, circular, or square shapes, are used sewn on slightly overlapping like fish scales, and can be studded with large Venetian glass beads, shells, etc. Thick colored flannel, flannel velours, and other fancy woolen materials furnish scraps for such work, besides velvet and velveteen.

A baby's layette basket attracted great attention at a work sale lately, being covered with shell-like gathered scraps of royal blue and pale turquoise-blue cloth and flannel velours set on alternating. A double ruche of the colors finished the top, and tassels of wool to match at the corners. The cover was similarly decorated, and had a handsome bow of the two colors in the middle.

A work-basket in the same style of shells, in pale pink and white, studded with tiny silver bells, was a gem in its way; and a paper basket covered with lozenges of myrtle and sea-green cloth, each point overlapping, having a silvery little shell fastened to its tassel of shells hung at distances, made up a creditable show of ingenious industry.

A round footstool, covered with leaf-shaped pieces of black and scarlet cloth, sewn on over a well-stuffed cushion, was another good specimen of this work; and so was a common brown willow-wood basket, boat-shaped, with inch-board wood rests to stand on. These were stained brown. The outside of the basket was covered with alternate bunches of dark-green cloth, ivy leaves, coarsely veined with red and white purse silk, and pale sea-green scraps of vicuna cloth, cut into long tassels with the selvets to represent the moss of that color which grows on old fruit-trees, palings, etc. The hoop handle was stained brown.

A large flat wall-basket, for nursery toy books, papers, etc., was covered with squares of every imaginable bright colored cloth, put on diagonally, slightly overlapping. On each of these was glued a tiny flower, figure-head, or comic embossed scrap, or a nursery rhyme figure traced in outline. If this work is once begun, a variety of new and pretty designs will suggest themselves to the intelligent worker.

In answer to inquiry from Macon, Ga., for directions to make an inexpensive "tea-cosey," I would suggest one of some pretty shade of serge, satin, or any plain inexpensive material stamped with a design for outline embroidery, which is very easily done. Single threads of crewels or filoselle are used. I saw a very pretty one stamped on one side with a design of a tea-cup with saucer, and a tea pot on one side, with the legend, "The cup that cheers," etc. On the other a spray of flowers—all to be done in outline stitch. Another inexpensive style is made of narrow striped ticking, the stripes filled in with fancy stitches in colored silks or wool, coral, feather, and herring-bone stitches, narrow black velvet alternating with the rows of stitches; gilt braid may be added, sewed each side of the velvet. Applique figures or flowers are very pretty, and easily done on some plain foundation. You can buy the tea cosey's stamped for outline embroidery at moderate prices.

A Delicious Cake.—One pound of flour, of which take one-quarter to make a sponge, using half an ounce of compressed yeast, and a little warm milk; when it has risen to twice its bulk, add one gill of hot milk, two eggs, and the rest of the flour; mix well; then add one more egg and beat, another, still beating; then add three-quarters of a pound of fresh butter, a quarter of an ounce of salt, half an ounce of sugar, and half a gill of hot milk; beat well; then add eggs, one at at a time, beating continually, until you have used five more. Cut in dice three ounces of candied orange peel; butter a tin, which should be deep and straight-sided—a tin pudding boiler is not a bad thing—and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Fill the mold half full, and when risen to twice its bulk, bake in a moderate oven, dark yellow paper best. When served, this cake should stand in a dish of syrup, flavored with sherry wine.

Maraschino.—Bruise slightly a dozen cherry kernels, put them in a deep jar with the outer rind of three oranges and two lemons cut with two quarts of gin, then add syrup, and leave it two weeks. Stir spirit and syrup together, leave it another day, run it through a jelly-bag, and bottle. Ready for use in ten days.

Noyeau.—Blanch and pound two pounds of bitter almonds, or four of peach kernels; put to them a gallon of spirits or brandy, two pounds of white sugar candy—or sugar will do—a grated nutmeg, and a pod of vanilla; leave it three weeks covered close, then filter and bottle; but do not use it for three months. To be used with caution.

A young married man whose house-rent is paid by his mother-in-law, alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

Answers to Inquirers.

MABEL, (Greene, Ind.)—Amy, means beloved Frederic, rich; Louise, gifted.

MECHANIC, (Minden, Iowa.)—The value of the book is quite a fancy one. "Black-letter" means the old English type cut from wooden blocks.

A. S. (Temsha, Texas.)—Address Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers, New York. They will furnish what you want. The sentence is German, and means "Thou art like a flower."

LANDON, (New York, N. Y.)—The Mormonites, or Latter Day Saints originated with Joseph Smith, who announced, in 1823 at Palmyra, New York, that he had had a vision from the angel Moroni.

ROB, (Dallas, Ala.)—The dog days are so called from the fact that in them the Dog Star, Sirius, rises and sets with the sun. They begin in the latter part of July and continue to the end of August.

AGRICULTURIST, (Trenton, N. J.)—The average cargo of grain of one of the ocean steamers plying between this country and England, is 450,000 bushels. This represents the product of 9,000 acres of land.

D. T. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The claim made by William Penn, the founder of this state, against Charles II., was for a grant of land in payment of $80,000 due by the Crown, and after some trouble he obtained three degrees latitude and five longitude west of the Delaware and north of Maryland.

J. F. (Screven, Ga.)—If a young man is introduced to a young lady at a social gathering, and she invites him to call, the better taste will be for him not to send a note announcing the time of his call, but to take his chance of finding her at home, should she be out, he may repeat the call in a short time.

SALLIE, (Milton, Pa.)—Have nothing to do with the flirt. A girl who is ready to coquette with every man she meets is bad enough, but a general lover is still more contemptible. Your woman's wit will surely teach you how to treat your other lover, who seems to be a modest deserving young fellow.

L. H. (Faribault, Minn.)—A good blacking for polishing stoves may be made of finely powdered black lead, of which a half pound is to be mixed with the whites of three eggs well beaten. The mixture is then to be diluted with sour beer or porter, well stirred, and boiled to simmering for about half an hour.

LILY, (Baltimore, Md.)—Grasses may be crystallized by tying the sprays into convenient bundles, and dipping them into a liquid composed of two quarts of water in which a pound of alum has been dissolved over a slow fire. The dipping must take place while the liquor is hot. If not sufficiently crystallized when dry, repeat the process.

H. C. M. (Bennett's, Neb.)—Supposing you are of age, under the circumstances the reasons for the mother's rudeness should be ascertained. They must be something exceptionably strong to justify rudeness, and if they prove to be so, should carry their proper weight. But if, as is more likely, they are not good, the girl should continue to act kindly towards the young man—with additional kindness in fact, to make up for her parent's lack of it.

W. H. S. (Holloway's, Va.)—Baptism, as a religious rite is older than Christianity. It was in use among the Jews, and the privileges of administering it existed then much the same as now. As the forerunner of our Lord a priest himself in the old sense of the word, and the son of a priest—there was no special conferral of authority necessary for St. John to baptize the Saviour. He did it in compliance with the Jewish law on the subject. 2. The central idea of the Christian faith lies in the immortality of the soul. In the Bible more particularly the New Testament, does not prevail, it proves nothing. We cannot see how any one reading it can believe otherwise than in the soul's immortality.

FORT, (Harrison, Mo.)—The case is not an uncommon one. When two people who are parted are in the habit of writing to each other a great deal, it very often happens that words may be wrongly taken, and a confusion arises. A letter often reads quite differently to the receiver to what the writer meant, and every allowance should be made for this. Remember what is written remains in evidence against you, and if you, on a clear misunderstanding, write a furious and suspicious answer, you must take the consequences. But why not see each other? One interview is worth a thousand letters, and more could be explained in ten minutes' personal conversation than a week of letter writing.

A. E. B. (Carroll, Md.)—We know nothing about such matters, and if we did you may be sure We would not tell you. One thing, however, you should know, and it is with the greatest earnestness We write it. The act you propose doing if carried out, will assuredly get you into the penitentiary and ruin you for life. In all the years We have lived We never heard of a woman who so deliberately prepared to throw away her good name and happiness as you have done. There is something in your proposition so monstrous, so out of all reason and probability, that we can hardly think you are in earnest. Further than to advise you against it, of course We cannot go, but as surely as you proceed further in the matter, you will sooner or later land in the Penitentiary.

BARBARA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. "If a young lady is madly in love with a young man who half pays attentions to her, but sometimes walks with a fresh girl and then comes back to her, will you kindly tell her what is the way to act towards him?" Make yourself as agreeable as possible to him when he half pays attention to you. In this way you may soon come to engross the whole of his attentions, and he will not seek to walk with a fresh girl. 2. "Which is the best way to keep father and mother in a good temper?" Be dutiful, affectionate, obedient, and industrious. 3. "Will you tell me whether it is proper for a young man to smile at his girl in church?" It is very improper, and should be resented by every right-thinking girl. The church is for devotional purposes, not for love-making or folly.

PERRY, (La Crosse, Wis.)—In the language of gloves, "Yes" is said by dropping one glove, the Parisian tells us, "no" by raising the glove in the right hand. If you wish to express indifference, part by ungloving the left hand, if encouragement strike your left shoulder. "I should wish to be beside you" is implied by gently smoothing the gloves, the warning "You are observed" is signified by turning them round the fingers. To ask if you are loved, glove the left hand except the thumb, and to declare "I love you" let both gloves fall. "I love you no longer" is pronounced by striking the gloves several times against the chair; "I hate you" by turning them inside out. As a sign of displeasure, strike the back of your hand against the glove, and if you are "furious" take them away altogether.

ALICE D. (Berks, Pa.)—Your question is one you can easily answer for yourself. Let say your sweetheart acted as if he were greatly offended at you when he chanced accidentally to meet you in the company of a young gentleman who was escorting you home. Of course, if he had known your heart as you know it yourself, or as we now know it, he would not have been seized with jealousy and have acted towards you as he has done. Just place yourself in his position; suppose you had met your lover acting as escort to some other young lady, how would you have felt? We will not say that your conduct was censurable, but we will maintain that you are wrong, very far wrong, in allowing your self-esteem and temper to get the better of you to the extent that you would rather sacrifice everything than condescend to explain the circumstances under which you permitted the young man to escort you home. Tell your sweetheart all, and thus put an end to the "mind jealousy" from which both of you are now suffering.

SMOKER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Those who should know say the smoking of cigarettes is very prejudicial to the health, particularly the cheap ones that are now sold to boys. Twenty years ago, when the cigarettes all came from Cuba, and were wrapped in rice paper, smoking them did no great harm. Moreover, being made of some brand of strong tobacco, only a boy of stout stomach could smoke more than two or three of them at a time. But to meet the boyish demand cigarettes are now made down both cheap and weak. They are made of mild, often bad tobacco, and for the most part they are wrapped in ordinary white paper. Rice paper wrappings necessarily increase the cost, and the boy who wishes to prove the ordeal of smoke that he is not a boy but a man, much prefers the article that he can get the most for his money. Moreover, the boy does not know the difference apparent to the slightest between rice paper and ordinary paper, any more than he knows that while rice paper burns away with scarcely any smoke at all, common paper burns with a foul smoke that cuts like a saw into the chest and throat. So he spends his pocket money on cheap cigarettes, and makes everybody around him uncomfortable, while he smokes himself away into an untimely grave.